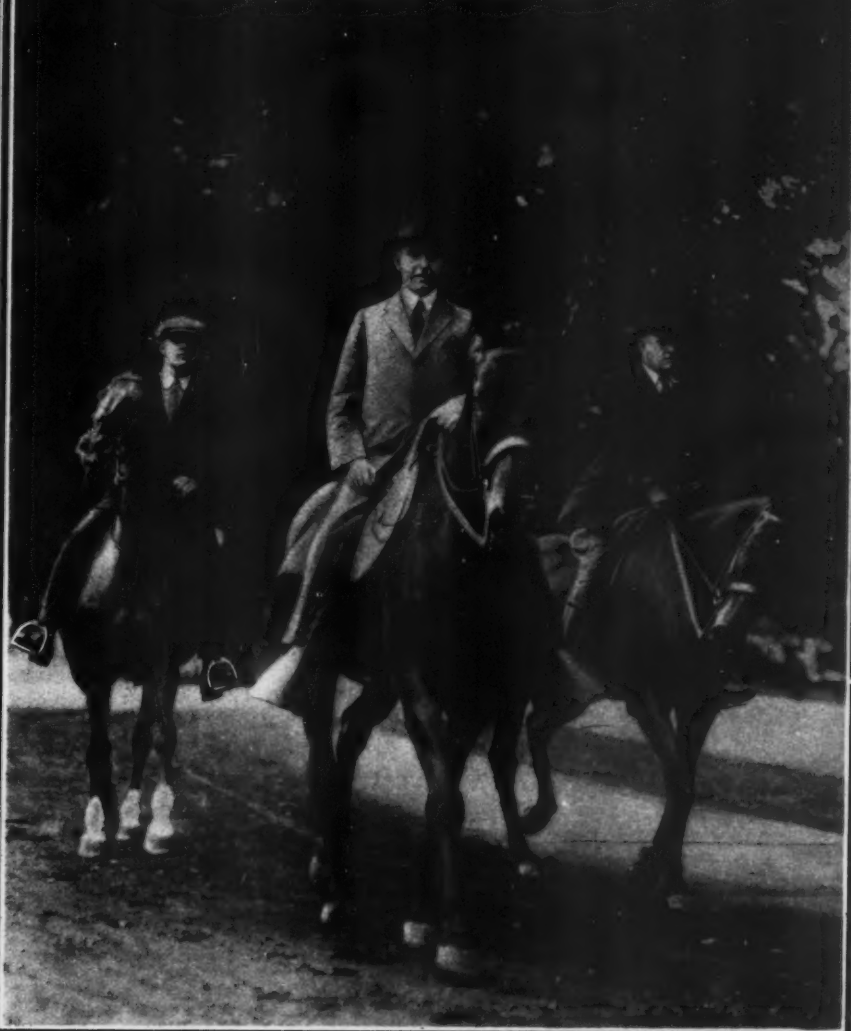


Long  
for Coolidge  
Bill Martin

382

# CURRENT OPINION



© Wide World

## "IN THE SADDLE"

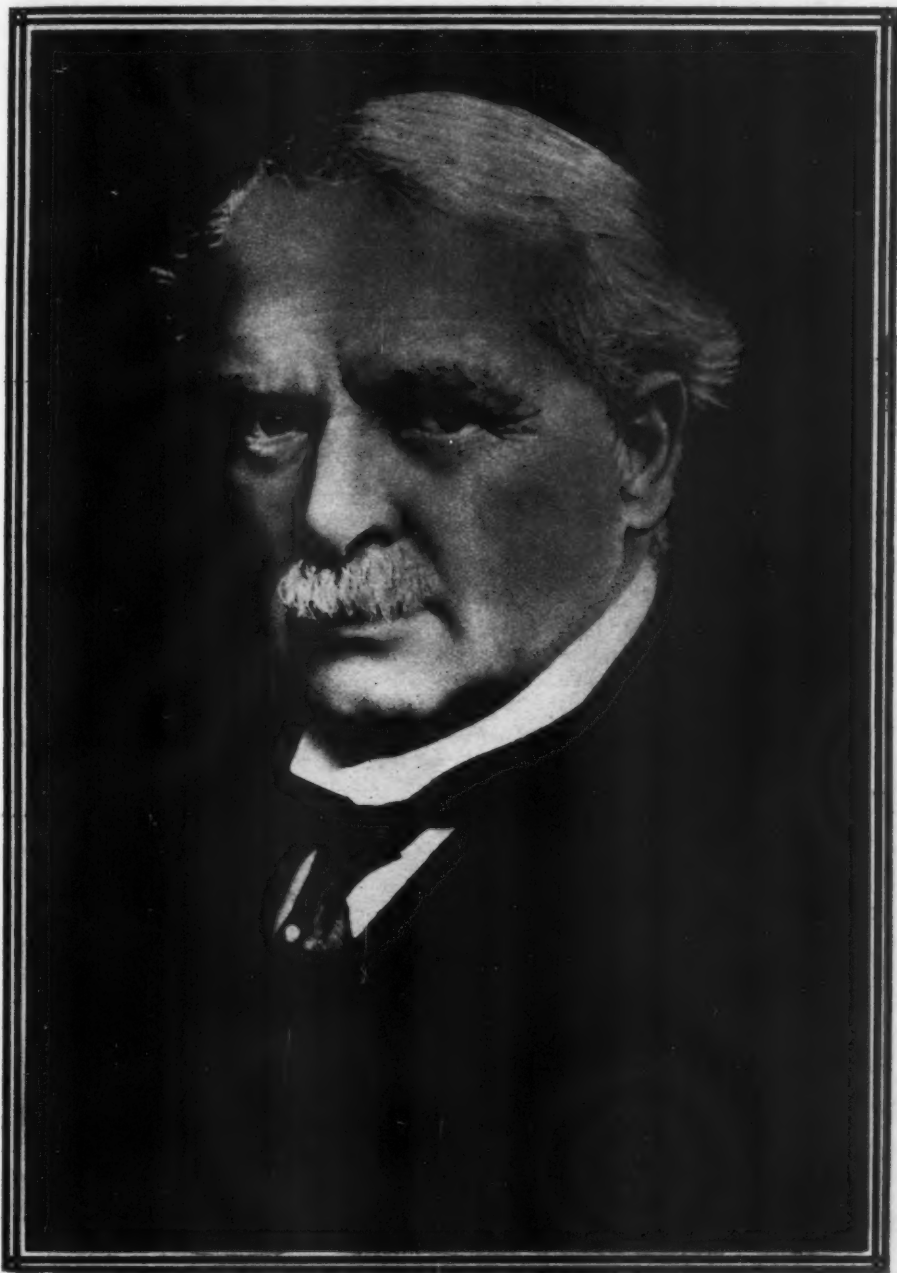
President Coolidge shies at tennis, eschews golf, seldom dances, but feels at home on horseback. His favorite mount is General, an army horse in the White House stables.



© Underwood

**ONCE IN CONGRESS, NOW OF THE WHITE HOUSE**

Former Representative C. Bascom Sless, of Virginia, is admitted to be well qualified to be Secretary to the President.



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**THIS BRITISH STATESMAN COMES TO AMERICA TO BE EDUCATED**

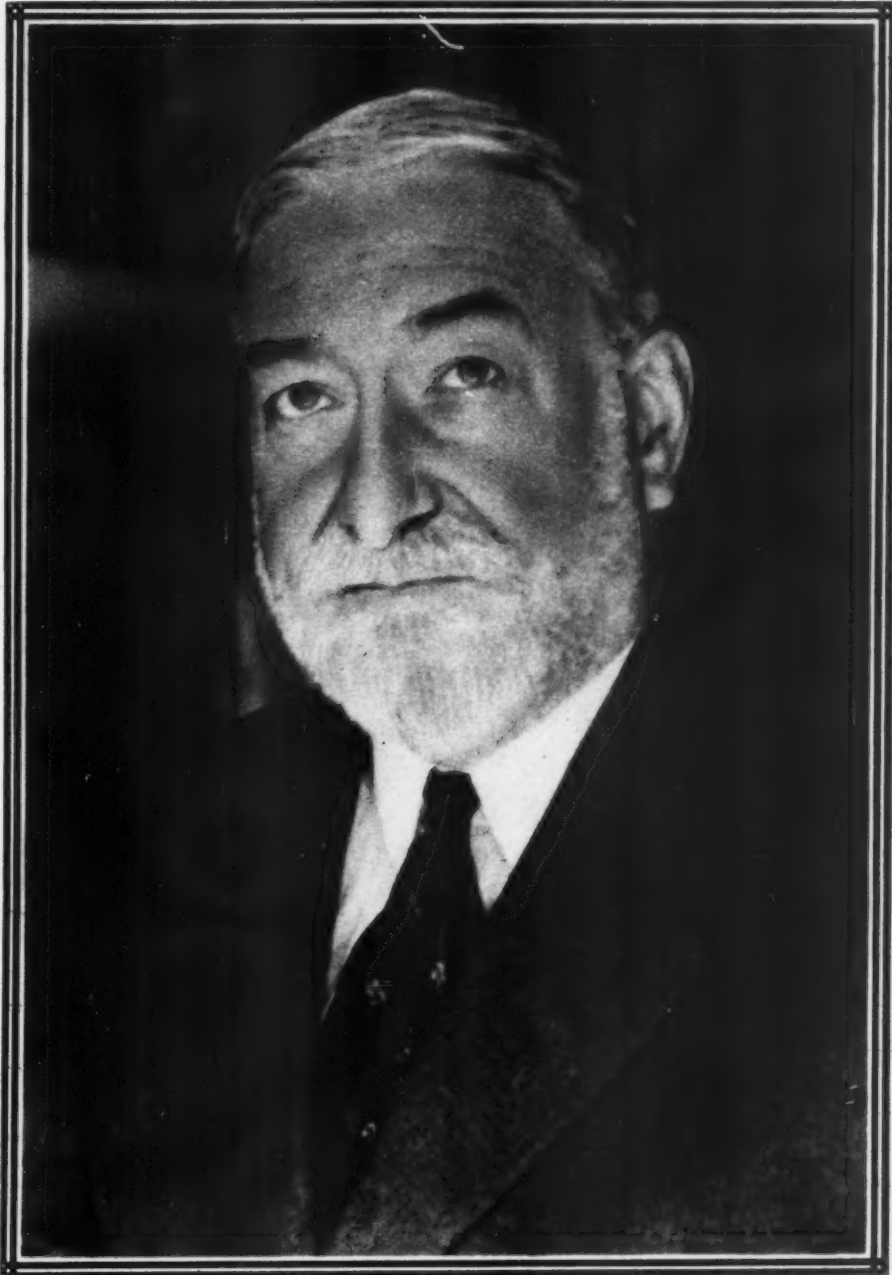
David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister of Yesterday, if not of To-morrow, would "see the Americans teaching the world how to do things."



© Kadel & Herbert

**"ME OR CHAOS," SAYS THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR**  
Dr. Gustav Stresemann, succeeding Cuno, declares his Democratic-Parliamentary Cabinet will succeed or else Germany will cease to be a Republic.





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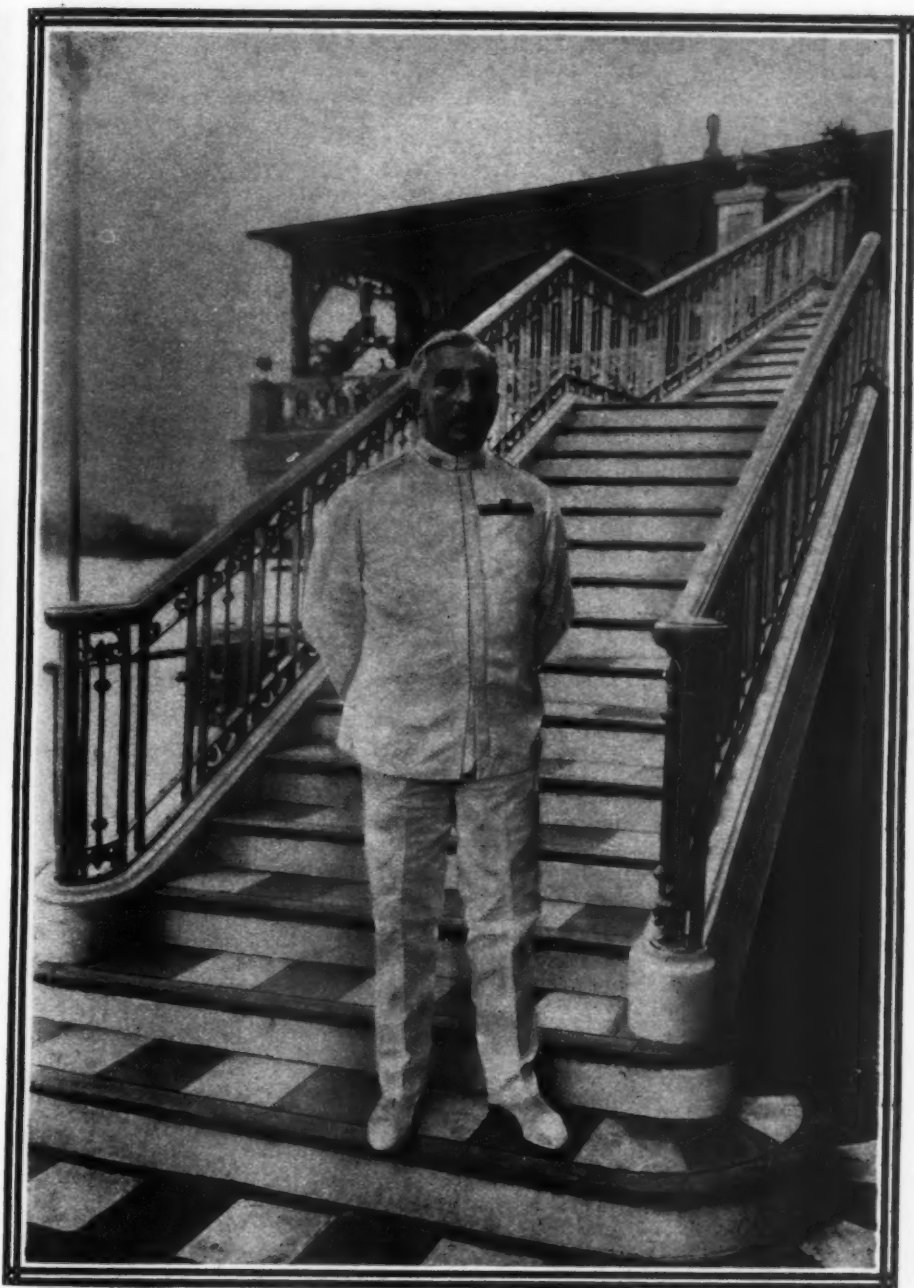
AN AMERICAN JUDGE OF THE WORLD COURT

John Bassett Moore is one of the eleven "ordinary judges" sitting in this assembly of the League of Nations, although the United States is not a party.



© International

**HE DEMANDS "IMMEDIATE AND ABSOLUTE PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE"**  
Manuel Quezon, fiery and magnetic Spanish-Filipino leader, resigning the presidency of the Philippine Senate, also demands the recall of Governor General Wood.

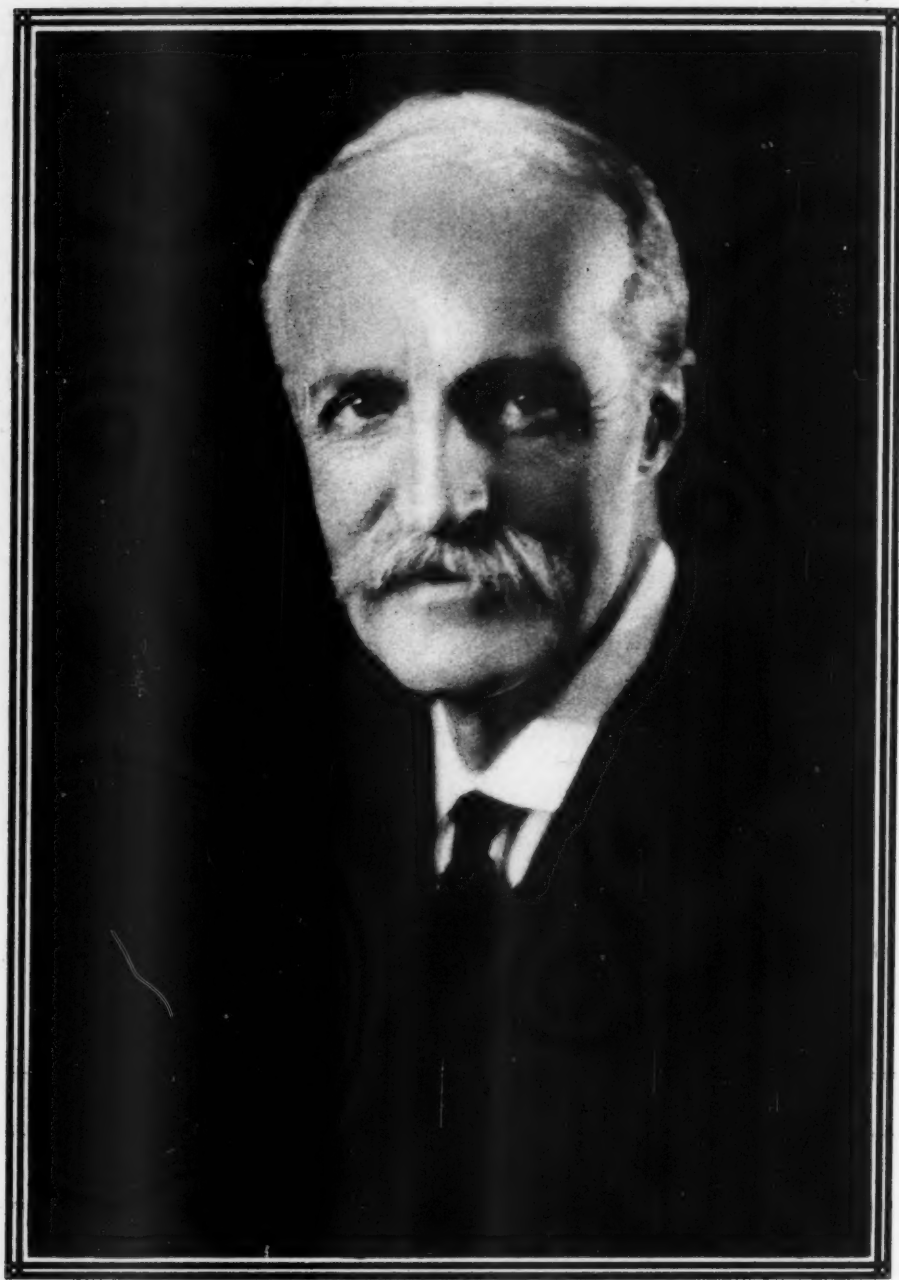


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**"HERE I STAND AND HERE I PLAN TO REMAIN IN MANILA"**

Governor General Leonard Wood, on the steps of his official Philippine residence, coolly awaits approval from Washington of his action in disciplining the Filipinos.

— R. W.



© Keystone

**HIS GOVERNORSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA IS A TRYING POSITION**  
Gifford Pinchot, as mediator of the striking anthracite miners, stands on a plank in what the miners arbitrarily adjudge a weak labor platform.

# THE CURRENT OF OPINION

## The Public Loses the Coal Strike

**A** WEEK of happy endings was the first week of September, 1923. Abroad an ominous quarrel between Italy and Greece, that seemed on the point of setting Europe in flames, was quietly quenched. At home we had a settlement of the coal strike. At last the tedious conferences and deadlocks which had threatened the peace of mind of the thirty million persons who depend upon anthracite for winter heat came abruptly to an end, with Governor Pinchot as mediator, after concessions on both sides.

The miners relinquished their demand for the "check-off." This is the bookkeeping device whereby the miners' union leaders would have used the paymasters at the pit mouths to collect union dues, fines and assessments out of the men's pay envelopes. Inasmuch as the hard-coal mines are generally supposed to be 100 per cent. unionized, the organization would really seem to be strong enough to collect independently from its own members without imposing upon the accounting departments of the operators.

On their side the operators granted a ten per cent. wage increase, thus meeting the men's demands half-

way. Wages and the check-off were the major matters at issue. A score of minor adjustments were incorporated into the contract of settlement which is to insure peace and steady production in the anthracite field for the next two years. So it came to pass that 158,000 men who, in their own carefully chosen phrase, "suspended" work on September 1st, were due back on the job by September 20th, after the briefest lay-off in the long history of Pennsylvania's hard-coal strikes and lockouts.

To the present cost of mining each ton of coal not more than sixty cents can properly be added because of the settlement. Where formerly the average miner exacted \$4.12 a ton for chipping out the black diamonds, he cannot now obtain more than \$4.72. Sixty cents is therefore designated by Governor Pinchot as "the total legitimate increase [in the price of coal] under the terms of the settlement."

Nor should all of this increase be

borne by the consumer. "Of this amount," the Pennsylvania Governor wrote in his open letter to President Coolidge, immediately after the successful termination of the negotiations, "not less than ten cents should properly be taken up by all the operators, many of whom could absorb the whole of the sixty cents increase and still make abundant profits."



NARY A WORD

—Morris in Los Angeles Times.





THE PEACE MAKERS  
—Temple in New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Mine profits vary by reason of the relative accessibility or inaccessibility of the coal veins, the toughness of the surrounding rock, and the richness or leanness of the veins themselves. By a sort of tacit agreement among the operators, who number but a few score, all the anthracite is priced high enough to make it possible for the poorest and least efficient mines to secure a profit.

However, while sixty cents a ton is all that can with justice be added to the previous price of anthracite, and it should be borne (or "absorbed") by the miners, the railways and the distributing agencies, Governor Pinchot made it clear that he is not to be cozened into thinking that such moderation will in fact be shown. No, he declares, "probably much more will be exacted from consumers unless public action is taken to prevent it."

This opinion is shared by all commentators, including many coal dealers, hastily interviewed by the newspapers. It is predicted that steam coal cannot go up in price any further, or a majority of users will go over to bituminous. Therefore the increase must come out of the con-

sumers' pocket. They scoff disdainfully at the idea of the operators absorbing any additional cost, or at the railways or the distributors cutting their profits for the sake of the public. Many strikes have occurred, and many a boost in price, and never have the higher costs been borne by anyone but the consumer. Why should they begin now?

Incidentally, and within two days after the settlement, anthracite went up from \$13.50 to \$15 a ton in New York City, though the coal actually ready for delivery was mined under the old schedule.

In normal times producers sell their coal at \$8 to \$10 a ton. But—and this is the weighty and considered judgment of the United States Coal Commission—"when there is a shortage they collect whatever the public will stand."

Governor Pinchot therefore recommends that the Interstate Commerce Commission "take up and consider anew the rates charged for the transportation of anthracite coal with a view to reducing them if justification for such reductions can be found." For his part he will urge the Pennsylvania Public Service



HE'S DRIVING AWAY SOME OF HIS BEST CUSTOMERS

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.



Commission to take similar action on coal transportation within the boundaries of the State. He says furthermore: "It would greatly assist the public in reaching sound judgments in these matters, if the findings of the United States Coal Commission on profits and costs in mine operation and in wholesale and retail distribution were made public in great detail at the earliest possible moment."

The tributes paid by Governor Pinchot to the operators and miners on their "courtesy," their "readiness to consider each others' points of view, and their patient willingness to stay on the job" were doubtless called for by the facts. However, the public is not much impressed, remembering that a good part of the Alphonse and Gaston business on the part of the operators and miners is probably due to a realization that whatever happens neither of them will suffer. It is the unfortunate consumer who bears the brunt.

How long will the docile consumer continue to be the "goat"? Evidences of revolt are accumulating. Substitutes for hard coal are being widely adopted. During the past spring and summer hundreds of business buildings and thousands of dwellings junked their anthracite furnaces and stoves and grates, to install oil burners and soft-coal burners instead. Winter is coming on. All signs point to another season of coal profiteering. Will that speed the flight of the public from high-priced anthracite? There is no question about the popularity of hard coal. It requires less care and skill than soft coal, and householders are accustomed to it. But they cannot be made to pay "through the nose" forever!

There are some indications that this may not prove to be another winter of profiteering. An abnormally large amount of anthracite for the period has already been mined, and with that which could be

brought to the surface in the remaining months of the year, there might be enough to break the market and automatically bring down the prices to a more reasonable level. On the other hand, the market for anthracite is always likely to expand to meet an increased production. It is too desirable a fuel not to find customers on any terms.

The new labor costs will average \$4.57 a ton, and the retail price seems likely to stand at \$15. The public thus will probably pay \$4.57 to the miner and \$10.43 to operators, railways and retailers. Governor Pinchot and the Coal Commission think \$10.43 is too much. They are at work to reduce it.

Though, as usual, the consumer pays the piper in this annual coal tragi-comedy, the central figure of the recent strike settlement is President Coolidge. He said nothing, struck no attitudes. He waved no big stick. The President merely picked the logical and appropriate man to effect a compromise, and quietly backed him up with all the force at his command.



TAKING IT UP WITH THE LANDLORD  
—Ding in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

## The Greco-Roman Threat of War

**T**HE murder of Italian boundary commissioners on the Greek-Albanian frontier gave Mussolini an opportunity to issue an ultimatum to Greece, and afforded an excuse for putting into execution plans long cherished for seizing Corfu.

Greece could not fight. She had found herself no match even for Turkey, and, drained of men and munitions and money by that catastrophic attempt to extend her boundaries to the lines of ancient Hellas, she could not possibly oppose, unaided, the might of Italy.

Nor does it appear that Italy wanted war. Territory, rather, is her aim, together with reparation in money and ceremony for her injured honor and prestige. More important still, she desires to transform the Adriatic into an Italian "lake."

Mussolini has recently engaged in three adventures. First, he dispatched troops to Tangiers, thereby suggesting a challenge to the British occupation of Gibraltar. Secondly,

he addressed to Jugo-Slavia a peremptory demand for an immediate settlement of affairs around Fiume. And thirdly, he seized the Greek islands of Corfu, Paxos, Anti-Paxos, Samos and Cephalonia, thereby closing the Adriatic.

At all times since the Armistice, Italy has tried to obtain Corfu. First—in 1918—her fleet sought politely to relieve the French fleet of the desirable duty of patrolling the island. Next, there was an attempt to trade the Dodecanese Islands in the Aegean for Corfu. And finally, about six weeks ago, Italians landed at Corfu and, on the pretext of paying a visit of courtesy, carried out a thorough inspection of their defences and geography.

The final pretext for appropriating the islands was the murder in August of the Italian contingent of officers assigned to the commission which is delimiting the frontier between Greece and Albania. It is neither proved nor seriously suggested that the officers in question were assassinated with the connivance of the Greek Government, but Mussolini not only addressed to that government an ultimatum, recalling Austria's ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914, but immediately bombarded the old fort on Corfu, known to be dismantled and occupied at the time by Armenian refugee children of whom a score were killed and wounded. Comment upon this brutal and cowardly action is unnecessary. The Italian officers remarked significantly, "Thank God—no British hurt."

Abruptly though this storm blew up, there is no question but that it had been brewing for years. Mussolini is not to blame, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*; he is merely the instrument and spokesman of "a long dream and an old hope."

The object is to keep in hand the slowly integrating power of the United Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes whom we call



BRAINSTORM  
—Kirby in New York World.

Jugoslavs. The object is also to overawe Greece, who has been dreaming Pan-Hellenic dreams. But most of all, the object is to realize Italy's "manifest destiny" to dominate the entire Mediterranean. She is resolved to inherit and perpetuate the glorious tradition of the Roman Empire.

Therefore, when Vice-Admiral Aurelio Bellini assumed the office of Governor in Corfu, he issued a proclamation setting forth, amongst other matters, that:

"The customary routine of public and private life here will continue to proceed peacefully under the aegis of Italy, direct heiress of the great Latin civilization."

In the Assembly of the League of Nations, whither Greece hastened for arbitration of the whole affair, no nation except France sided with Italy. Evidently her action in seizing the Ruhr last January was sufficiently parallel to give her a fellow feeling for Italy and make her anxious to "mediate" between the disputants.

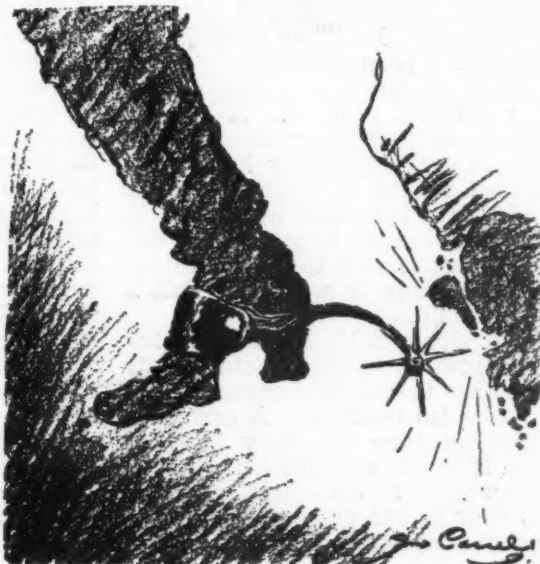
Mussolini, it has been noted, modelled his procedure and the language of his procedure upon the French precedent. When France went into the Ruhr, observes the New York Herald, the League was asked to take a hand, but was deterred by France's explanation that her troop movements were neither war nor the threat of war. She was merely taking "sanctions" and "economic guarantees." Mussolini's speeches, like Poincaré's, can be summed up in three words, "Pay or stay."

Articles X, XII and XV were invoked by Greece in her appeals to the League. Lord Robert Cecil rein-

voked them, begging that they be read both in English and French, placing dramatic emphasis upon their being part of the Treaty of Versailles (also the Treaties of St. Germain, Neuilly and Trianon). For Lord Robert the point was that disrespect to these articles would tend to break down the entire structure of the hard-won peace. But his audience is reported to have laughed gleefully at the veiled threat to France which was also implied. If those articles forbade Italy's conduct toward Greece, they equally provided against France's Ruhr experiment.

Nevertheless, the New York Herald asks, if the French explanation was satisfactory to the League, what was wrong with Mussolini's?

At Geneva Mussolini's representative, Signor Salandra, aware that world opinion was hostile, and with a lively consciousness that even in Italy voices had been raised against such dangerous imperialism, made a favorable impression by the soft-voiced moderation with which he



THE WAR BOOT

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



"PST! EASY, BROTHER! EASY!"  
—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

read a reasoned statement of Italy's position and aims.

Italy merely "claimed punishment of the guilty and moral and material compensation. In order to insure the execution by Greece of her obligations, she felt obliged to take guarantees." Italy had no desire to keep Corfu permanently.

All in all, the League was placed in a difficult position. If it had weakly continued to postpone decision, it would probably have been doomed in the estimation of the world. On the other hand, had it been rash enough to arrive at a decision unfavorable to Italy, Mussolini was ready to withdraw Italy's membership.

The Springfield Republican insisted roundly at this juncture that, "If it has to die, the League should die with its boots on. A cowardly shrinking from the duty imposed upon it by its constitution will not commend it to the world, nor will any new league or association that may in time succeed it be fortunate with such a precedent to contend with."

Therefore the relief felt at Geneva when the Council of Ambassadors took the matter off the League's hands and obtained the acceptance by Greece and Italy of a compromise settlement. By its terms Greece deposits fifty million lire in a neutral bank to await disposition by a commission which will investigate all the circumstances and fix responsibility. Meanwhile, the ceremonial or "moral" reparations—salutes of twenty-one guns, mass in Athens cathedral attended by Greek ministers, and so forth—were rendered at once. As for Corfu—that remains to be seen.

Whatever else can be said for the Italian-Greek crisis it has cast a strong light on the warlike psychology of Europe, and the deep roots which European militarism puts down into the past. As to this, the *Minneapolis Tribune* is worth quoting at length:

"We need not seek the roots of the present crisis in the recent assassination. The roots run clear back to Alexander and Cæsar. The post-war policies of both Italy and Greece are to be explained only in terms of ancient Rome and ancient Hellas. . . .

"The Greeks and Italians of to-day are ready to fly at each others' throats because of a tradition which antedates the birth of Christ, and reaches back into the dawn of recorded history. Jupiter is pitted against Zeus, Mars against Ares, Minerva against Athene, and Neptune against Poseidon. Modern guns are being loaded by the ghostly figures that stalked about in the oldest mythologies.

"Collective mental processes are like individual mental processes. A man who has held the same belief for fifty years is not a man you can convert to a new idea easily, and a people which has clung tenaciously to the same thought for thousands of years is not a people likely to relinquish it overnight.

"The Greek-Italian controversy simp-



ly illustrates the stubbornness and toughness of the European militant tradition. . . . And it serves to make it plain that before you can hope to abolish European war you will have to abolish European history."

□ □

## Mexico Recognized

**A**FTER two months of negotiation John Barton Payne and Charles B. Warren have returned to Washington with a provisional arrangement under which the United States would be able to recognize Mexico. The agreement awaits approval by the Senates of the two countries. That Obregon has established in Mexico a government at least as stable and orderly as most governments in Europe, is now obvious. The one point at issue has been the treatment of private property on the part of the Mexicans. Towards Mexico as well as Russia, Secretary Hughes, whose mind is strictly legal in its working, takes the view that there can be no recognition of a country in which the rights of private owners, when American citizens, are repudiated.

The Mexicans, on their side, have raised two questions of honor and of prestige. First, they refuse to modify their constitution at the instance of a foreign power. Secondly, they decline to make their domestic law of property a subject of international treaty. But, if a formula can be arranged, they are in fact ready to guarantee the American rights in dispute.

The matter has been amicably settled by various artifices. First, the Supreme Court of Mexico has interpreted the Constitution in what may be called an American sense. By Article XXVII, passed in the year 1917, all concessions of oil revert to the state, in whatever year they were granted. But the judges have decided that where such a concession has been "leased" by the



"SO THIS IS MEXICO!"

—Gale in Los Angeles Times.

holder, say, to a company, it becomes "an acquired right" and the company or lessee cannot be touched. This satisfies most of the cases under consideration.

Secondly, there are claims for compensation on both sides and these are to be referred to the Hague Court. Broadly speaking, Mexico draws a distinction and, it would seem, a logical distinction, between concessions in which money for development has been invested and concessions which are merely held for the future. It is to the former—the actual going concerns—that guarantees will be forthcoming.

That recognition will be followed by an immense investment of American capital in Mexico goes without saying. Indeed, this prospect shows what is the responsibility of the State Department in the matter. But there is, even to-day, another side. Have American citizens obtained a security in Mexico which is denied to Mexicans themselves? And is Obregon firmly enough in the saddle to carry out his bargain?

The settlement has thus its uncertainties. But at least it is far preferable to the alternative which

might have been war. What Britain lost in blood, treasure and the good opinion of mankind by bungling into a South African war is history. A Mexican war would have been even more serious. Whatever else is crooked in Mexico, at any rate, the Mexican can shoot straight and it was his language, derived from Spain, that gave us the word *guerilla*. It was the guerilla warfare in Spain that weakened Napoleon himself.

For in the relations between Mexico and the United States are involved the sentiments of all Latin America. It cannot be pretended that the recent Pan-American Conference was a success. Cuba and Central America were hostile. Mexico, Peru and Bolivia did not attend. Chile was uncertain over the forthcoming arbitration on Tacna and Arica. A firm leadership by the United States was needed and was also perhaps lacking.

William Pitt, the younger, declared the supreme virtue of a statesman to be patience. The fact

that Presidents Wilson and Harding were patient over Mexico means that theirs is the blessing of those who make and keep the peace. Good relations with Mexico are the best possible recommendation of the Monroe Doctrine. An immediate result of the friendlier arrangements between the United States and Mexico has been the appointment of a Minister to Mexico by France. Our recognition thus leads to recognition by other powers.

□ □

## America Rushes First Aid to Stricken Japan

UPON the ancient but modernized realm of Japan there has fallen probably the most terrible instantaneous calamity that has yet been suffered by the human race; and the disaster, tragic and spectacular, involves far-reaching political issues. The volcanic fate of Sodom and Gomorrah or of Pompeii was a mere incident compared with the avalanche of apocalyptic horror which has overwhelmed Tokio, Yokohama and the industrial, political, financial and intellectual heart of Japan. Multiply the eruption of Vesuvius tenfold, add to it the earthquake in San Francisco and the fires which swept old London and new Chicago and you have not even accumulated the composite disasters which have shaken Japan to her foundations. An earlier generation was astonished by the seismic upheavals which destroyed the Yellowstone Park of New Zealand and blew the burning mountain of Krakatoa, near Java, clean to the sky. Undoubtedly those were phenomena of an immense magnitude. But in this case the volcanic eruptions, the tidal waves, the typhoons of wind and torrential rain and the earthquakes swept over a densely populated area where had been built



THE NAVY MOVES ON JAPAN

—James in St. Louis Star.



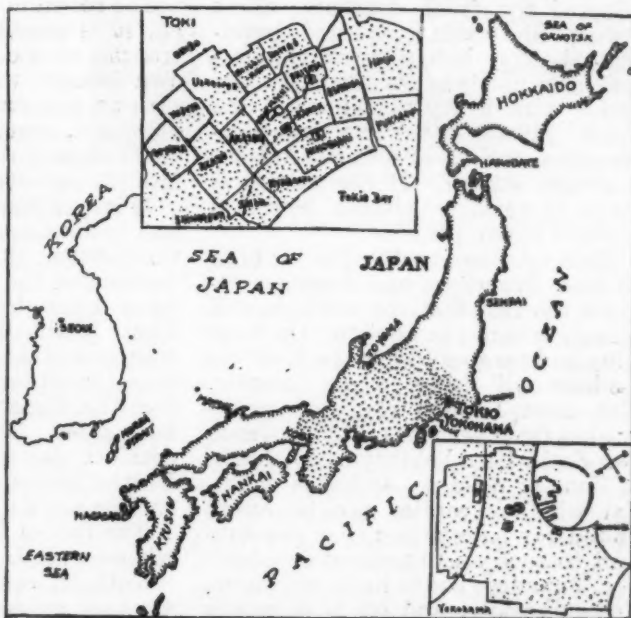
great cities, with all their fragile and delicate paraphernalia of electricity, gas, oil, water-supply, and arsenals, packed with deadly munitions. It was nature warring, as man in his madness sometimes wars, against civilization itself.

The scientific explanation of the disaster is only too simple. It is not upon solid earth that we are living. This planet is a molten mass of lava, constantly generating gases, and what we tread beneath our feet is merely a thin crust. The earth revolves and the centrifugal force tends to expel the fiery soul of the world through any crack in the crust or other weakness. Japan is situated where the shell of the world is thin. Hence her volcanoes, her hot springs, her tremors. Hence the legend that Nippon rests on the back of a fire-breathing dragon which sometimes stirs in his sleep. Hence the incomparable crater of Fujiyama. Hence the islands which emerge from the depths of the ocean and those other islands which are submerged. Hence, in a word, what happened on Saturday, September 2nd.

Into the emotional aspects of this appalling affair we need not enter. Led by President Coolidge, the United States has organized immediate relief on a colossal scale. The graver question is what effect the disaster will have on the permanent fortunes of Japan herself. The loss of life is variously estimated at any figure up to 350,000. It is an as-

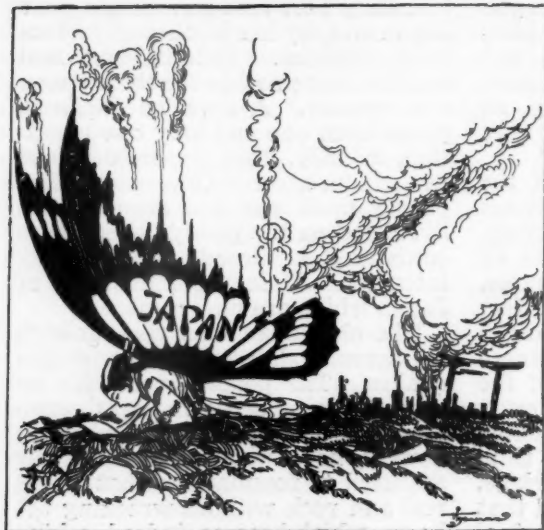
tonishing fact that in a single year Japan will, by her birthrate, replace these citizens. Indeed, her real trouble is to provide for the citizens that remain. A crowded Japan is possible on one and only one condition, namely, that Japan develops her industries. Otherwise, her people must eke out an exiguous livelihood on the paddy-fields where cultivation is already miraculously intensive. It is the industries of Japan which are now menaced.

The old Japan was wise enough to accommodate itself to earthquakes. The people lived with an aesthetic simplicity in lightly-constructed dwellings, adorned with flowers, not furniture, and cleverly adjusted to foundations that might reel and rock without wrecking the home, which became, indeed, a kind of ship ashore, able to stand rough weather. But Japan has deliberately



## THE EARTHQUAKE-SHATTERED AREA IN JAPAN

Though the above map is based on as yet incomplete reports, it shows in a general way the path of the earthquake and accompanying disasters by fire and tidal wave which visited the Flowery Kingdom Labor Day week-end. Insets give some details of the cities and harbors of Yokohama and Tokio. The map is reproduced from the *Atlanta Constitution*.



POOR BUTTERFLY

—Thomas in Detroit News.

adopted the frock coat and all it means. She wants great stone buildings, banks, hotels, warehouses—and she must have immense factories with heavy machinery. She needs railways, tunnels and skyscrapers, and all of this depends on a secure subsoil. If the subsoil is liable to periodic collapse, how is a modern Japan possible?

This catastrophe, like the burning of San Francisco and Smyrna, reveals the fact that the world is still largely insured in London. On shipping and cargoes lost in the disaster, London will have to pay heavily. But even London excludes earthquakes from her risks. No insurance can deal with a liability calculable in billions of dollars. And it is doubtful whether capital can be easily found for enterprises that are subject to such an unsecured eventuality. Japanese bonds have, of course, fallen heavily, and on new money she will have to pay a high rate of interest.

The disaster has uncovered the very souls of men. Korean independents let loose their hatred

against the stricken conqueror. But, on the other hand, Japan has discovered the real heart of the United States, which has dispatched her fleets and her consuls on a mission of mercy. Whatever coolness may have sprung up between us and Japan during recent years is completely swept away, and in this country there remains only a sorrowful and anxious feeling of neighborliness and a widespread desire to repair the damage.

At the moment it is clear that Japan is wholly occupied with maintaining order. The American architects, who have so promptly offered their services for reconstruction, may or may

not be called in to advise. For, after all, it is possible that Japan, confronted by the uncertainties of her own islands, will depend in the future on industries developed on the mainland, particularly Manchuria. The events of this month may stimulate the penetration of China.

It is, perhaps, worth noticing that had it not been for the Washington Conference the relations between Japan and the United States might have been to-day very strained. That Might-Have-Been includes war, and strange indeed would have been the situation, if in such a conflict the disaster had descended on both sides. There is at least some comfort in the spectacle of the United States entering the arena of sorrow not as a foe but as a friend.

The fate of Bonin, the little island whereon sit Japan's chief naval fortifications, remains unknown. But whether submerged, or still intact, its menace to Hawaii and to the Panama Canal seems diminished to insignificance. The United States will hesitate about spending vast sums on "counterbalancing" naval bases.

## Dark Rumors from the Ruhr

**T**HERE is still deadlock on the Ruhr, but the deadlock is breaking. It is as if two wrestlers were at grips, every muscle strained, but themselves motionless, their agony only indicated by the sweat on their limbs. So the bout continues until one of the athletes gives way and is thrown.

In Paris, the stress is shown by a falling franc. Some writers there have attributed this depreciation to hostile selling of the franc in London, and André Tardieu has denounced what he called the tyranny of sterling. M. de Lastyrie himself, the French Minister of Finance, complains of foreign speculators, and many Frenchmen do not understand why their currency should continue thus depreciated, compared with the British sovereign, when Britain's adverse balance of trade is ten times that of France. The reply of the British banks is that there is no special selling of the franc in London. Every day in these banks all foreign currencies are strictly balanced as a safeguard against nocturnal fluctuations. According to this logic, the fall in the franc has little to do with foreign trade, but is the inevitable result of France's still unbalanced budget. The occupation of the Ruhr, with the maintenance of vast armaments, is costing France a heavy sum. For reparations, she is now receiving little or nothing, whether in cash or in kind. And her finances depend, therefore, on the printing press. The Frenchman as a citizen is prosperous. But France as a Republic is embarrassed, and Secretary Mellon has returned thence to Washington hinting bluntly that

France has no intention of repaying the United States.

On Germany's side, the printing press pours forth a trillion marks a day. And among the printers there has been a strike! For stamps required as postage (namely 20,000 marks a letter for internal delivery, and 60,000 marks for external), envelopes have become too small, and 2,000 mark-stamps (2,000 dollars normal) are now issued by the simple method of overprinting the old 25 pfennig!

There are thus reasons why both sides should desire an end of the



THE RUHR AS SEEN BY A TURKISH CARTOONIST  
AS IT IS TO-DAY AS IT WILL BE

—From *Zum Routanga* (Constantinople).

quarrel. At Williamstown, Canon Dimnet has said that the rivals are on the brink of an agreement. The *New York World* has boldly prophesied a calculating German surrender at no distant date. Among the optimists is also Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, who found no more danger of war in Europe than there is on Fifth Avenue. In the same strain, George H. Lorimer, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, declares that if Germany collapses it will be a clear case of suicide. Sir Valentine Chirol, formerly the foreign director of the *London Times*, thinks that Germany has in the main played the game of dividing Britain and France. Finally, Edward Benes, the Foreign Min-

ister of Czecho-Slovakia, is skeptical both of war and of chaos in Europe.

On the other hand, there are plenty of pessimists. A number of English "Liberals"—including, by the way, Ramsay Macdonald, the Labor leader—again appeal to the United States to interest herself in Europe's "evil mentality," particularly with a view to restraining France. Both Secretary Mellon and General Smuts, the Prime Minister of South Africa, foresee a possible dissolution of Germany into her component parts. Senator Smoot finds bumper crops in Europe, but foresees that there will be another war unless it be promptly averted. And General William Crozier accuses France—not perhaps with justice—of starting a race of armaments even as in 1870. The Crown Prince of Prussia has been interviewed and has confessed to forebodings of civil war in Germany between the Fascisti or Monarchists there and the Communists. He also asks the United States to intervene. There have been strikes in Germany and food riots, while the Communists at one moment seized Lübeck. That Bolshevik propagan-

da is active appears to be demonstrated. Karl Radek, the Russian, announces that the bourgeoisie in mid-Europe has failed and that the time is ripe for a social revolution.

As Chancellor, Gustav Stresemann, with a cabinet that includes four Socialists and can claim 372 votes in the Reichstag out of 469 votes, is looked upon as the last hope of those who still believe that parliamentary institutions on the British model are possible in Germany. Whereas his predecessor, Cuno, left office, breathing resistance even to the compromise suggested by Britain, Stresemann offers productive guarantees and insists on a drastic conscription of wealth. While he claims the Rhineland for Germany, he is credited with a readiness to accept an inter-Allied control. This would, of course, eliminate the Ruhr as "the Serbia of Europe, the torch for another war"—to quote Pierrepont B. Noyes, former United States Rhineland Commissioner. With Stresemann in this surrendering mood, there are signs that Poincaré, anxious to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, is contemplating the oft-suggested industrial alliance between France and Germany. Presumably, this is "the plan" discussed between General Henry T. Allen and Secretary Hughes.

If this be so, there is only an academic interest to-day in the two sharply opposed notes exchanged last month by Britain and France. The argument for and against the Ruhr occupation has been fully analyzed in CURRENT OPINION and need not be repeated. The British proposed an independent tribunal to fix reparations, an appeal to the League of Nations on the danger of war and a reference of the legality of the occupation to the Hague Court. M. Poincaré simply stood pat. He claimed France's rights under the League of Nations; he stood firmly for the Reparations Commission where, with the United



'ROUND AND 'ROUND  
—Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun.



States absent, France has the casting vote, and he urged with much plausibility that the time for contesting the legality of the occupation was not after but before France entered the Ruhr. In fact, at an earlier date, Lloyd George himself had proposed this form of pressure on Germany. Certain British Liberals, John Maynard Keynes, for instance, and Sir John Simon, former Attorney-General, have argued against that invasion of the Ruhr as an act of war, but this was not always the attitude of the Coalition.

In this wordy duel, France certainly had the advantage. Poincaré has behind him an overwhelming army and air service, and a nation, uneasy, it may be, but united in memory, in antipathy, in fears. The British are divided. On the one hand are those who agree with J. L. Garvin, editor of *The Observer*, owned by Lord Astor, that "for nearly two months the British Government has been kept on the mat" and that "Poincaré has treated Lloyd George with defiance, Bonar Law with indifference and Stanley Baldwin with contempt." Indeed, Garvin, who lost a son in the war, adds: "To suppose that all Europe can be subject perpetually to the armed dominance of 50,000,000 French and Belgians plus 300,000 or 500,000 blacks, is a theory only worthy of the brain of an ape."

Garvin thus demands financial and economic pressure on France and a full understanding with Russia. Presumably he would ask France for payment of her loan.

On the other hand, the pro-French Die-Hards, led by Lords Salisbury and Derby (once British Ambassador in Paris), are powerful in the Cabinet and are holding back Baldwin. They have refused to find a "safe seat" for Reginald McKenna, the former Liberal, who is anti-Ruhr and was to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer—which office has been accepted by Neville



WITHHOLDING THE FEED TILL SHE PRODUCES THE MILK

—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

Chamberlain, a much less influential man. Pro-French newspapers like the *Northcliffe Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post* declare that British trade slumped before the Ruhr affair and not afterwards, which argument hardly accords with new and immense appropriations for unemployment in Britain—to cover 2,000 schemes of work, including a complete reorganization of the Port of London. Hjalmar Branting, who may be again Prime Minister of Sweden at an early date, voices what is undoubtedly the fact that the Ruhr affair has depressed trade.

Frank H. Symonds and others tell us that the Anglo-French Entente is at an end. On the other hand, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* declares that "the tide has turned in favor of France." The truth probably is that while France has won on paper, Britain is supported by underlying economic realities which cannot be denied. If we assume that France and Germany are really coming together industrially, then Britain has gained what all along she has wanted, while France saves her face.

## Turkey as a Cock of the Walk

**B**Y what is surely a curious paradox, the United States, which made no war on Turkey, has been the last of the Powers to sign a peace. After his usual manner, the Turk at Lausanne haggled until the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute over details, some of which even to-day remain unsettled. But at last, on August 6th, two treaties—subject to ratification on both sides—the one of amity and commerce and the other of extradition, were concluded by Joseph C. Grew, our Minister to Switzerland, and Ismet Pasha, the Turkish Foreign Minister.

What, then, is the new position? To begin with, the capitulations, or rules under which foreigners live in Turkey, are abrogated for Americans as for others. It is a great triumph for Kemal Pasha, who has strongly insisted that the capitulations infringe Turkish sovereignty. While Americans are granted full permission to reside in Turkey and to trade there, they must now accept Turkish law, the only concession being that in cases affecting the person, non-commercial cases, the hearing shall be in a foreign or non-Turkish court.

In commercial matters—for instance, tariffs—the United States is treated as a most favored nation. Over compensation for losses incurred during the late troubles, there is still argument. Turkey limits such compensation to those who were American citizens before 1914 when the war started. The United States demands compensation for all her citizens affected, whatever be the date of their naturalization.

For Christians in Turkey, the settlement is disastrous. Those Greeks and Armenians who survive in Anatolia are being rounded up

and will be ruthlessly expelled. Even in Constantinople, the Christians now lose the protection of the Allies and especially of Britain, which country has spent 150 million dollars on her naval occupation of the Straits. For the United States, as for European Powers, those straits are now free for shipping of all kinds, whether in peace or war.

While the Turk has destroyed the Greeks and Armenians by massacre and deportation, he is, strange to say, as favorably disposed as ever to American missions. Under regulations which enable these institutions to operate "without the slightest hindrance" and under pledges which are honorably observed, the great college at Constantinople, with other colleges and schools, will continue. It is a perfect illustration of the influence which follows humanitarian as distinct from political activity even in a land like Turkey. To the Christianity that is racial, sectarian and contentious, the Turk is resolutely opposed. But to the Christianity that is expressed in healing and education, he is benevolently neutral, not to say, friendly and encouraging.

The capital of Turkey is no longer Constantinople but Angora, and one practical question is whether the various embassies must be moved into that somewhat remote and inhospitable region. Probably the Ambassadors will remain in Constantinople, only sending their secretaries into Asia Minor. Kemal is clever indeed when he thus removes his government beyond the range of European artillery.

Rear-Admiral Colby M. Chester, by the way, is reported as selling his concessions in Turkey to the Ottoman-American Company for \$300,000 and one-tenth of the profits to be derived. The concessions would be worth billions if their validity were fully established. But they are challenged and the result is an interesting gamble on Oriental politics.





ALWAYS LOOKING BACKWARD

—Orr in Chicago Tribune.

## Ireland's Place in the Sun

**I**RELAND steadily emerges—a nation again at last. In August there was held a general election, and even under the severe test of proportional representation the Free Staters won a decisive victory over other parties, that is, the Republicans, the Farmers and Labor, which means that for several years the treaty with Britain is secure.

Acting on this mandate, President Cosgrove applied for and received admission to the League of Nations, which means a seventh vote in the League for the British Commonwealth. They who recollect how bitterly Sinn Féin denounced the League and the League's advocate, President Wilson, will discover a characteristic Hibernian irony in the fact that the United States should stand outside the hall at Geneva while Ireland enters first.

The Irish Free State took its place "among the nations of the earth" without an enemy, for her entrance into the League was voted unanimously. All the nations, England

included, welcomed her with enthusiastic expressions of good will, and warmest wishes for her happiness and prosperity.

"Our country," said President Cosgrove in his salutatory address to the Parliament of Peoples, "is perhaps the most scarred of any in the world. Eight years ago we had a population of eight and a half million; to-day we have four and a quarter as the sad result of continual warfare."

During the election De Valera abandoned his hiding places and made a speech at Ennis, where promptly he was arrested. With 12,000 other prisoners he remains interned under a special statute which for the time being superseded the Habeas Corpus Act. De Valera has become a hunted and a pathetic figure, nervous yet still irreconcilable. It was said that the Englishman never knows when he is beaten. De Valera has not realized when he won.

His son, a mere boy, has been put up to read a prepared speech, declaring that "the servants of foreigners" have seized his father. This youth is supported by young Childers, whose father was executed. So is the feud passed on to a new generation.

Not that the Free Staters take things lying down. One of their posters asked:

*Who looted your shops, robbed your banks, destroyed your bridges and murdered your sons in the national army?*

Another inquires:

*What particular part of Ireland will De Valera rope off for Mary MacHumbbug (MacSweeney), Countess Markoboss (Markievicz), Madame Clean Gone (Maud Gonne MacBride) and Mrs. Desperate (Mrs. Despard, sister of Lord French)?*

President Cosgrove declares contemptuously that De Valera surrendered to blank cartridges.

## Listening In

**T**HE people think they want to run the government when they don't know how. They even think it is a sacred duty to vote when they haven't got a glimmering of an idea as to what they are voting for. They may even think they are running the government, but they are not. They are yanking at it here and there.—*Henry Ford.*

**A**MERICA is truly the Peter Pan of countries. Here I find dignified men of business, bankers, brokers and statesmen reading the comic strips. In England or Europe such a thing could not happen. Here it is different. America is a youthful country, and Americans have the spirit of youth in their hearts and love to laugh.—*Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, famous British war cartoonist, creator of "Old Bill."*

**I**HAVE not found it possible to demonstrate the existence of the life beyond the grave. Yet the body is made up of entities which are intelligent. When one cuts his finger I believe it is the intelligence of the entities which heals the wound. When one is sick it is the intelligence of these entities which brings convalescence. There are living cells in the body so tiny that the microscope cannot show them at all. The entity which gives life and motion to the human body is finer still and lies infinitely beyond the reach of our finest scientific instruments. When the entity deserts the body it is mere clay, as all orthodox Christians believe.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

**H**INDUISM may be a religion of the past before many years, and the inhabitants of India converted to Islam by force. Hinduism is a religion of pacifism, while the teachings of Mohammed transform even our peaceful Hindus into fanatics with a lust to fight. Even now Mohammedanism is spreading rapidly in India. The latest figures show more Mohammedans here in Ben-

gal than Hindus.—*Rabindranath Tagore, Bengali poet and Nobel Prize winner.*

**F**EARS of a long epoch of misfortune for mankind, a return to the Dark Ages are mostly bosh. I don't hope for a millennium, nor fear a collapse of civilization. If a lot of the millennialists and the collapseionists would forget it and go to work and quit bothering the rest of us with their hopes and fears, they would be rendering a big service.—*Albert Bacon Fall, former Secretary of the Interior.*

**T**HE best definition I can give of "boards" after my association with them during the war and with "commissions" while we were constructing the Panama Canal is that they are long, narrow and wooden.—*Major-General George W. Goethals.*

**T**WO peoples in the roll of history have shown conspicuous aptitude for government—the Romans and the English. The distinctive qualities required for such work may perhaps be summarized in two characteristics—public spirit and judgment.—*Alfred E. Zimmern, British author and pedagogue.*

**N**ATIONALISM, love of country, is beautiful, inspiring. It creates poetry, art, music. It tightens our muscles and whets our initiative. Also, nationalism is ugly, degrading and murderous. For doesn't it instil hatred and unleash wars?—*Carl Capek, Czech playwright, author of "R. U. R."*

**T**HE German Reich owes. She must pay or disappear. She has before her no other solutions except those presented by this logical dilemma.—*General de Castelnau, President of the Army Committee in the French Chamber of Deputies.*

**T**HEORIES which ignore the selfishness and frailties of human nature and are based on conditions which ought to but do not exist in this present-day world are of little real value. We have suffered enough from dreamers and visionaries. Universal peace has been discredited by these high-minded though impractical thinkers until the majority of mankind consider it a chimera which can never be attained.—*Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State.*

**I** LOVE England, I love France, I love them all, but there must be peace. We cannot allow statesmen to ruin the future of

the world by their present policy. South Africans fought like devils in the Boer War, but they knew how to make peace. Europeans who were terrible fighters also, do not know how to make peace. Therefore, there is no recovery anywhere, and Europe proceeds toward chaos.—*General Jan Christian Smuts.*

**G**ERMANY cannot survive as a collection of small states. Internal disorders are spreading rapidly, and stubbornness may prove the ruin of the German people. If France persists in her policy of domination it eventually will mean the disintegration of the German Republic. This will add sixty million Germans to the one hundred million Russians and Poles already virtually withdrawn from the trade and commerce of the world. The result will be felt by all the traders of the British Empire. Nothing can swerve France from her determination never to let go her hold on Germany until she has totally collapsed, both economically and politically.—*John Foster Dulles, economic and financial adviser to the Peace Conference and American representative on the Reparations Commission.*

**G**ERMANY is not poor. Only her holders of interest-bearing securities are ruined. But if she would consent to make a new start, with a properly secured monetary system, she would be in a few years the richest nation in Europe.—*John Moody, financial analyst.*

**T**HE reason that the majority of the American people is to-day unchurched is that the various Christian denominations or church institutions from the first century to the nineteenth set up fixed standards of belief and practice based on what was supposed to be final revelations. Since experimental science began, about 150 years ago, to contribute powerfully to the progress of mankind, those fixed stand-

ards became discredited.—*Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University.*

**T**HOUSANDS are dead in Tokio, but millions live. Across that plain which lies above a fire stream the earthquakes roll like sluggish waves. Each year a thousand or more have tugged at the tops of Tokio. When bamboo quivers there it is not the wind.

So it has gone on for centuries. This is the mightiest yet of all recorded assaults, and man remains. In a thousand years nature has not been able to shake him off. Though the ground has rocked and

swayed beneath him like a bronco, the little Japanese sits tight. And across the world from fellow man there should come a mighty and defiant shout—"Ride him, cowboy!"

Who says that man is puny? He falls and sleeps and dies awhile and then he is up again. Perhaps it is not the same man, but the ranks do fill. After the wave and the hurricane and the earthquake, life crawls from under

**C**OUNTERFEITERS of money work with a few simple tools, metal and mold, pen and paper. Counterfeiters of credit work with the illimitable forces of human nature—the imagination, ignorance, carelessness, hope, greed and egotism. That is why counterfeiters of credit, the sellers of fraudulent securities, always find it comparatively easy to defraud so many thousands of our people. Secret service agents can take away the tools of the counterfeiter. But what power of government can take away the tools of the credit counterfeiter? Only education, a widespread public understanding of the nature and worth of sound investments, can do that.—*John A. Prescott, President of the Investment Bankers Association.*

the débris. What permanent victory has nature ever from us? Neither ice nor fires nor floods have checked the succession of human kind. Other species have given up the fight, but man is the finest animal of the lot. The sun cannot drive him from the tropics and he sets down his foot beyond the arctic in barren lands where even the microbe cannot live.

To be sure, our perch upon this earth is precarious. Only the crust has been won. Flame and water menace us from beneath, and above are mighty bodies capable of flipping the whole globe into the dust bin. But they haven't done it yet. Nature outweighs us and nature has the punch. Man has staggered and bled and reeled from the hammer blows. He hasn't gone down. Until the final ten has been counted, who dares to say that he is puny? —*Heywood Brown, newspaper philosopher.*

## A MEDIATOR WHO WIELDS THE BIG STICK

**W**HEN Gifford Pinchot moved all there was at that time from Atlantic City to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and announced that he would confront the anthracite octopus single-handed, he instantly became a national figure. Regardless of his success or failure in the undertaking, it was generally agreed that anyone who in the rôle of moderator would sit in the same room with the representatives of the embattled anthracite miners and operators and listen to their fiery vapors when he did not have to, merited the attention of his fellow countrymen. And he got it.

As they began to inquire about him, those who had not known it before learned there was no particular novelty in his being a national figure. There were the days of the Roosevelt Administration and the Tennis Cabinet. Later there was the famous controversy with Ballinger in the Taft Administration over conservation issues. In those days, Odell Hauser reminds us, in the *New York Times*, the name of Pinchot was a household word—everywhere except in Pennsylvania.

Those days—alas for the ups and downs of public life!—came to an end in the course of events. The former Chief Forester left Washington and dwelt in comparative obscurity for a time, relieving it only when he ran against Boise Penrose for the United States Senate and was defeated. Then once more the curtain of oblivion.

Last spring, however, the curtain was violently rent in twain. Gifford Pinchot emerged before the country as the vanquisher of the justly-famous Republican machine of Pennsylvania, and the news of the defeat of its favorite son for nomination as Governor was flashed over the wires from coast to coast. So astounding to the country was the Pinchot victory that once more he became a national figure and his previous triumphs were recalled.

Adherents of the machine had been caught doing things in office they ought not to have done, and the people wanted a house-cleaning. The machine could not resist effectively because a remarkable series of deaths had robbed them of their leaders, and they were hopelessly demoralized. So Pinchot was nominated and became Governor, the Republican nomination being equivalent to an election certificate.

Then Gifford Pinchot rather dropped out of sight again as a national figure. He had his hands full being Governor. There was plenty to do right at home. He buckled down to it. The result was that numerous front-page headlines were provided for the newspapers of Pennsylvania, but the outside world heard little in which it became interested.

It is of record, however, that in his first legislative session he got practically everything he wanted and in substantially the form he wanted it, even though most of it had to be secured at the point of the bayonet. Before the election it had been bruited about that the new Governor was merely a "high-brow" and a political amateur. Before the legislative session was over he had convinced most of those with whom he dealt that they had better revise their impressions. The final verdict on his program will depend on how it works in practice, a point not yet decided.

The purely administrative side of his work has not been so successful, we read. He has been severely criticised for his virtual dismissal of a Superintendent of Public Instruction who had been attacked by those in Pennsylvania who did not want to see the great sums spent for schools that had been planned. The best educational opinion of the State supported him, and he had the backing of the well-informed elements among the laymen. An unfavorable impression was created when Governor Pinchot let him go, having practically



forced him out of office. What is called the frugal highway policy of the Pinchot administration is also under attack at the present time.

Governor Pinchot is considered a man who makes his decisions in the interest of the people and not in the interest of any of the small groups which for years have dominated Pennsylvania politics. That is his principal strength.

Since he has been in office, Mr. Pinchot has given opportunity for all those who run to read how his qualities work out in practice. He has in some respects run true to form in the predictions that were made of him, and in others surprised the observers.

The first quality to be taken into account is his energy. He is ceaselessly active. An incident, by way of illustration, is related by the *Times* biographer as occurring at the imposing Pinchot home, Grey Towers, at Milford last summer. The Governor, then a candidate, wished to talk with a visitor who had news of some importance in which the ordinary candidate would have been absorbed to the exclusion of everything else. Not so Pinchot. During the whole conversation he was engaged simultaneously in putting some red paint on some picket spoons that hung in a rack convenient for the pur-

pose. He could not be satisfied with doing only one thing at a time.

He has been so as Governor. A man of great wealth, he is not a man of leisure and is said to be indefatigable in the discharge of his gubernatorial duties. He has been able to carry on many things at once without diminishing his effort on any one of them. That quality has stood him in good stead in the political battles in which he has been engaged. He was generally one or two jumps ahead of his adversary.

His weakness, we are told, is overdependence upon himself. He would rather do a thing than explain to others what he wants done in order that they may do it. That leads him to play the lone hand rather more often than is convenient or comfortable for those associated with him. It was noticeable at one or two crises during the legislative session that progress was impeded because there was no one authorized to say what the Governor wanted or how he wanted it done. Having the courage of his convictions, it is quite generally accepted in the politics of the State that once Governor Pinchot has made up his mind on a matter there is no human agency that can change or influence him. And he has a talent for keeping his own counsel.

## THIS NEW CHANCELLOR IS THE LAST HOPE OF GERMANY

**B**ROKEN in nerve, William Cuno, the German Chancellor, has been deposed and Dr. Gustav Stresemann rules uneasily in his stead. An Amurath to Amurath succeeds, for both men are financial magnates. While Cuno will preside over a German-American shipping combine, Stresemann cannot divest himself of his career as corporation lawyer, a creature of Stinnes, the organizer of the Union of Saxon Industrialists and the President of a textile syndicate in that region. He was legal adviser to the German-American Economic Asso-

ciation and all the more formidable in such enterprises because, as one writer puts it, he was "no fixer of the gumshoe type." Moreover, while he accepts the Republic, he is at heart a monarchist. To the ex-Kaiser at Doorn he once sent an obsequious telegram. During the war he was influential with Ludendorff and all for annexation. He supported the infamies of the U-boats. And in 1916 he organized the Hansa Bund, which resisted mediation by President Wilson, declaring that the United States was not—as the President put it—neutral in mind. Such

a record does not suggest that Stresemann will be a conciliator of France. He was, on the contrary, the firebrand who immolated Bethmann-Hollweg.

But this is not the whole truth about Stresemann. He has been described as the Winston Churchill of Germany, a man in whom consistency only seems to be the virtue of small minds, a navigator who sets his sails to the breeze, a thruster, a self-seeker and a trimmer. He has originality. In his own phrase, he steps out of the pattern. He is a wit. Instead of reading lectures to the Reichstag, he debates, retorts, argues, thinks on his legs. His study is adorned with pictures and autographs of Napoleon and Byron, who are his heroes, and he quotes from Goethe. With his thick neck and blunt speech, he has been likened to Martin Luther. And in his square figure, blue reefer suit and auburn hair, the lobbies have discovered a symbol of energy. "We march forward," says Dr. Stresemann, "over graves."

True to his German type, this new German Chancellor studied history and political economy at the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. He is thus the finished product of *kultur*. The son of a business man in Dresden, he was born in Berlin, but is in fact Saxon rather than Prussian, and it was in Saxony that, as a politician, he organized the National Liberals.

Born in 1878, he is still only 45 years old, yet since 1907, with one brief intermission, he has sat in the Reichstag, where in 1917 he succeeded Bassermann as leader of his still unbroken party. With the Armistice, that party collapsed. Many National Liberals joined the Democrats. But Strese-



© London Outlook

THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR AND THE POWER  
BEHIND HIM

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, succeeding Cuno, declares "We march forward over graves." Boardman Robinson, the cartoonist, has thought it fitting to include Hugo Stinnes in the picture.

mann boldly established a new group of his own, entitled the People's Party. With a shrewd instinct he saw that he must swing from the Right to the Left. He assisted Count Kessler, former German Minister in Poland and recently on a visit to the Conference at Williamstown, in revising the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. He preached the theory that Socialism may be made the support of a modern state. At the conclusion of the year 1922 he quietly resisted and, indeed, defeated the movement to depose Ebert and make Hindenburg President. He did much to ameliorate the harsh treatment of Communist prisoners after the rising



in Berlin which followed the Armistice.

And, finally, as the unblushing accumulation of wealth by Stinnes began to be appreciated, Stresemann adroitly separated himself and his fortunes from the ill repute of that commercial vulture, and the measure of this emancipation may be discovered in the simple fact that Stresemann's finance minister is Herr Hilferding, the Socialist. Stresemann is thus described as the last hope of Parliamentarism in Ger-

many on the English model. He is what Necker was in Paris before the French Revolution. And in Germany to-day, as in France of yesterday, the question is whether the propertied aristocracy, be it of land or of trade—for it makes no difference—will or will not submit to the taxes which the situation demands. In France the answer was No, and there followed the guillotine. What will be the reply of Germany's trillionaires?

## A RIGHT HANDY MAN IS THE NEW SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

**T**HAT Campbell Bascom Slemph, of Big Stone Gap, Virginia, will be an exceedingly useful aide to President Coolidge, in the capacity of private secretary, is admitted by newspapers of every shade of political faith. But exactly the form his usefulness will assume is a subject of speculation, with opinions colored by political belief. By Republican editors he is foreseen to be an adroit and eminently capable liaison officer between the executive and legislative branches, because of his years of experience as the sole Republican representative from the Old Dominion. To editors of the Democratic faith his appointment means only that the President already is a candidate for renomination, and Slemph will get the Southern delegates. The editors of independent views interpret the appointment as somewhat of a mixture of the two suggestions, with the vast majority seemingly convinced that Slemph is far better qualified to be secretary to the President, in fact as well as in name, than many of those who have held the office in the past.

The *Boston Transcript* (Rep.) suggests that "if the new secretary should be invited to attend cabinet meetings this would be another step in the direction of restoring this office to the importance it possessed in the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt. Should Secretary Slemph, whose experi-

ence in public service, in practical politics and in the business world exceeds that of any other of his predecessors, come into the same close relationship to his chief that was enjoyed under the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt, "the burden of the presidency would be lessened." Agreeing that the "appointment has an unmistakable political flavor," the *Newark News* (Ind.) asks "why should it not?" and points out as well that "on his record Slemph should be the possessor of just those attributes of tact and diplomacy that make all the difference between success and failure in this important post." It is the view of the *New York Evening World* (Dem.) that "if Mr. Slemph can collect the Southern delegates and Senator Moses can control New England, the usual prestige of the incumbent promises to make easy sailings, as far as the nomination is concerned." The *New York Morning World* regards the appointment as a blunder because "the Slemph political philosophy—that officeholders should help the party to subsist—is so definitely on record that it will hamper his usefulness, hamper the Administration and hamper the public welfare."

Critics of the selection point an accusing finger at certain correspondence which passed between Representative Slemph and others in 1921 and read into the Congressional Record. One letter

was addressed to his secretary, L. B. Howard, in the course of a congressional discussion of post-office patronage, and reads as follows:

"Dear Ben: I have letters in regard to the collection of money for post-offices. One must be very careful about this. It will bring the party into disrepute, which would be very bad for every one. We must preserve our standing with the people and with the Administration."

It appears that the new secretary to the President was not personally acquainted with Calvin Coolidge prior to last August when, he has confided to friends about Big Stone Gap, he was summoned to Washington by a telegram from Speaker Gillett, of the House of Representatives, for a conference, during which the post was tendered and accepted.

Secretary Slemp is something other than a politician. He is a reputed millionaire, several times over, with large holdings of coal land in Virginia and Kentucky. It is as a Congressman that he made his name; the mountain folk of the "fighting Ninth," which he represented from 1907, when he succeeded his father, Col. Campbell Slemp, until 1922, when he refused to run again, practically idolize him. The cities of the district are mainly Democratic; but in the hills and mountains Bascom Slemp, we are told, is greeted with remarkable enthusiasm whenever he visits the communities.

Big Stone Gap, Va., is the village in which John Fox, Jr., lived, and it was here that the novelist depicted so graphically the scenes of life, love and feudalism in the mountains of the South. Bascom Slemp calls Big Stone Gap home and has spent there, and in Washington, most of his fifty-three years of unmarried life.

Last year, when he announced definitely that he would refuse to run for Congress again, the Republicans of his district paid him the unusual compliment of renominating him anyway; but they finally were made to realize that he did not mean to make the race. Mr.

Slemp did, however, remain Republican National Committeeman for Virginia, and has been practically patronage dispenser—at least one of the three or four who had the say—for the whole South.

The new secretary to the President, reports a Virginia correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, does not suffer from the stigma of being carpet-bagger or "Republican for revenue." His father was a Confederate soldier, but, strangely enough, also a Republican. The elder Slemp was a noted figure in Virginia politics and in Republican national gatherings. He made a study of the people about his district and was in Congress for three successive terms. His son grew up in the political atmosphere, and when the father died, in 1907, the son ran for the vacancy at the special election and was successful.

It is not as a spellbinder that he shines or has ever scintillated. As an organizer and campaign strategist, however, he is said to be in a class by himself. His grasp of party matters extends further than Virginia. While Warren G. Harding was still a Senator, and Slemp a candidate for reelection, the President-to-be came into the "Ninth" and made two speeches for his friend's success. Close political observers during the Harding Administration thought that the Virginian held the key to the "inside" of the Administration's Southern policy. He frequently played golf with Mr. Harding and members of the Cabinet and was on the closest terms of intimacy with the President and Mrs. Harding.

Slemp not only did not know President Coolidge personally prior to his appointment, but he had no idea that he had been selected for the important post. He received a telegram from Speaker Gillett asking him to come to Washington several days after Mr. Coolidge had been sworn in in the Vermont farmhouse. A little while after he reached Washington his appointment was announced.

Apropos of the duties of a secretary to the President, we are told that all editorials in the newspapers received at

the White House are clipped and handed to the secretary to the President, who sorts them out—good, bad and indifferent—and hands them to the President. The President in his leisure moments, and he has mighty few, glances over these editorials and from them gains a slant on the thought of the people in the communities where these newspapers are printed. Some Presidents have only desired to read favorable editorials, while others have deemed it wise to give marked attention to the editorials in opposition newspapers.

The secretary to the President of the United States also reads every letter that comes to the White House, even the President's own private, personal and familiar correspondence. This is not only a sizeable task, but one that demands tact and judgment. The President does not see thousands of letters arriving at the White House. He could not possibly give the time to even glance at these letters. The secretary has a vast corps of stenographers to whom he dictates the replies to these letters and himself signs most of them.

## BORN KING OF SPAIN, WILL ALPHONSO DIE ON THE THRONE?

**A**BOUT King Alphonso of Spain, the first fact, obvious and revealing, is physical, namely, his underlip. Centuries before Velasquez was a court painter in Madrid, that underlip had been, whether in Spain or in Austria, the hereditary sign of a Hapsburg. Emperor Charles the Great who encountered Luther had that underlip. King Philip, his son, who oppressed the Netherlands and sent forth the Armada against England, had that underlip. Franz Joseph, sovereign of Austria-Hungary, who brought on the War, had that underlip. So had his son who, in a hunting-box, committed suicide with his mistress, the artiste Vetsera. And whatever happened at sea to his kinsman who disappeared as John Orth, he also carried the underlip to his mysterious end. A Hapsburg may lose his throne, but his face is a destiny unescapable.

It is a deep and heavy underlip. It signifies not intellect, but a certain animal obstinacy. Whatever happens to Europe, it is the business of that underlip to carry on. The Hapsburgs have furnished the world with freaks and folly rather than with kindly and sagacious rulers. But in one simple quality, they have been supreme. As one generation followed another, they have known exactly how to be themselves.

As a dynasty, their's has been a masterpiece of persistence.

King Alphonso was born in 1886 and is thus thirty-seven years old. His father before him had died of phthisis and he was thus a posthumous child. As soon as his sex was known, he became with his first breath a monarch. His first duty was therefore merely to keep alive. And many times his health was a mother's despair. On his life depended the immunity of Spain at once from Carlist and from Republican dissension. Indeed, it had been a vacancy in the throne of Spain that caused the Franco-Prussian War. At sixteen years of age, King Alphonso ceased to be a boy and assumed his kingship. Amid mediæval pomp, impressive yet grotesque, he was crowned, and he has now reigned thirty-seven years, ruling twenty-one years, being thus, before the age of forty, the senior sovereign on this planet. By his underlip he had lived to occupy a tottering throne.

As regent, Queen Maria Christina had been conscientious but unfortunate. Already Spain has lost the main part of her Empire. Despotism and corruption have sacrificed Cuba and the Philippines. Of all Spain's vast dominions oversea, there remains but little more than the strip of Morocco, opposite Gibraltar, which includes Tangiers. And

even this slender heritage, with a population of 400,000, is held down by army corps of cruel and ill-equipped troops and offers a tragic contrast to the rest of Morocco under the French rule, to which former Attorney-General George W. Wickersham pays so high a tribute in the *New York Evening Post*. As a tyrannical and ineffective colonist, the Spaniard is unchanged.

Being a widow, the Queen Regent governed Spain with the help of the Church. She was religious, conservative and secluded. She reared Alphonso as a prisoner in his palace. For politicians, including ministers, the ecclesiastics and the camarilla of the court instilled into the boy's mind a deep contempt. "George, be king," said a mother to the prince who afterwards lost for England the American colonies, and similarly Alphonso was to become a Louis XIV. in miniature. By cunningly revived form and ceremonial, the Cabinet itself was kept at arm's length and it required an adverse election to bring the palace to its senses. Mother and son realized that all they stood for would be swept away unless they listened to the nation.

In the choice of a wife for Alphonso, the new wisdom was revealed. As a devout Catholic and a Hapsburg, the natural thing would have been for him to marry an Austrian archduchess. But his mother, with quick sense, advised him to turn to England and he visited King Edward, who at once showed him a sympathetic affection. The influence of King Edward transformed Alphonso from a Spanish grandee into a man of the modern world. He took to yachting. He motored. He hunted. He danced. He mixed. And he married. The bride intended for him was the tall and lovely Princess Patricia of Connaught, the favorite lady of Canada. But her destiny was to be the wife, the not too contented wife of Captain Ramsay, for whom she sacrificed her royal status. The girl who won King Alphonso was Princess Victoria, or more popularly Ena, of Battenberg, brought up a strict

evangelical Protestant, whose father died in the Ashantee War, leaving her mother, the princess Beatrice, to be the saddened companion of Queen Victoria's last years. Ena was poor. She was, indeed, the Cinderella of a smiling Court. Not for a moment did anyone imagine that one day a mere Battenberg, though granddaughter of the Queen-Empress, would preside over the stiffest and proudest dynasty in Christendom.

In complexion, hair and eyes, Alphonso is dark. Ena was fair and her eyes blue. It was a case of love at first sight, and in due course the princess was easily converted to Catholicism. Her fairy godmother was the ex-Empress Eugenie, who, though exiled, was rich. The dowerless Ena suddenly became an heiress and was furnished with an adequate trousseau. As King Edward's niece, she should have been married in London, but religious susceptibilities had to be considered and the ceremony took place in Madrid.

Three times have there been determined attempts to take Alphonso's life. In Paris, he was driving to the opera with President Loubet when a bomb exploded. At a military review, he has had his horse shot under him. But never was he in deadlier peril than when he drove from the Church after his wedding. Under the very horses a bomb was hurled which killed many people, bespattering the Queen's gown with blood, and only the heavy construction of the state carriage preserved bride and bridegroom from so gruesome a benediction. As monarch, King Alphonso has stood his baptism of fire.

So recently a Protestant, the Queen was an object of suspicion. But she displayed an uncompromising tact. She adopted the fan and the mantilla. She submitted to that Parisian art which results in the figure and bearing of a Spanish lady of fashion. She endured the bullfight. And she bore to her husband an ample family of four sons and two daughters. It was a great achievement. But nature had her re-



venge. The heir to the Spanish throne is a weakling. His brother is a deaf-mute. And the Queen's life was shadowed by a further sorrow. King Alphonso plunged into gaiety. At resorts like Deauville, in France, his social escapades became notorious. The Queen complained but was answered that Kings have their little customs which a wife must overlook. Under the circumstances, there was a certain irony in the sermon of Father Francisco Marin Calasanz of the Order of the Sacred Heart, who in Madrid denounced both Queen and Court for wearing low-necked dresses!

The present Pope, however, saw in Queen Victoria's devotion to her adopted Church an opportunity for a courteous recognition. Joan of Arc and Bishop Plunkett, both of whom fought against England, had been canonised. It was time for an honor to be paid to some friend of the English-speaking peoples, and the Queen of Spain was selected. She was presented with the Rosa de Oro or Rose of Gold, an immense and costly ornament, reserved for women of high service and distinction in the Church. It is idle to pretend that the Rose always brings luck. On his return from Avignon, Pope Urban V. gave the Rose to Queen Joanna of Naples, who was later imprisoned and murdered by Charles of Durazzo. Queen Mary Tudor of England, who died childless, also had the Golden Rose. The Empress Eugenie of France, who had to flee for her life from the Tuileries, had the Golden Rose. So had the deposed Queen Isabella II. of Spain and Queen Amalia, of Portugal, another royal exile. Let us hope that the latest recipient of the honor may be more fortunate.

For Alphonso's troubles are not over. On occasion, he has still to be heavily guarded from possible attack. His life is a desperate gamble. One day he will be seen in church, washing and kissing the feet of twenty-four beggars. Next, one hears of him being snubbed at a dance by some pert American flapper.

When his difficulties thicken around him, it is suggested that he may abdicate, and he declares that he will never be "a deserter." Then, again, things turn to the other extreme and Alphonso is urged to make himself a Spanish Mussolini and dictator. Amid it all, he goes forward, boyish, shrewd, daring, irresponsible, pleasure-loving, yet doing his duty—the one asset left in Spain. His power is due simply to the utter ineptitude of the nation he rules, in political matters.

The depth of Spain's folly was shown during the war. Her governing classes wildly acclaimed Germany, and King Alphonso used to say that only he and the canailles were for the Allies. A more tangible miscalculation was over finance. As a neutral, Spain did not fire a shot. Out of the struggle she merely made money—immense sums of money—which enriched her people or some of them as none had been enriched since the days of Eldorado. That treasure might have gone far to clear her of debt. Actually, her budgets showed a deficit.

The condition of her people is deplorable. Millions are entirely illiterate. The colleges and schools, taken as a whole, are a disgrace. The officials are so ill-paid that they cannot live without bribery. Elections are a jest in which the government simply sends men with bags of voting papers and so turns the scale in its own favor. The territorial divisions into which Spain was split up in the middle ages still exist beneath the surface, and in Catalonia, Valencia and Navarre, there is a separatist propaganda. Barcelona is crowded with Reds who regard the Castle of Montjuich, where torture is practised, as a Bastille. For every murder of an employer, the rule to-day is that two Socialists are assassinated. The latest available score is 327 capitalists killed in six months and 167 workers. But the capitalists are rapidly making things even. Under these circumstances it is, perhaps, no wonder that many Spaniards demand for their country a strong dose of Fascismo.



## THE "REFORMATION" OF WAR AS A BRITISH SOLDIER PREDICTS IT

**F**IVE years have passed since the Great War ended. The men who interpreted it as "a war to end war" are discredited, and the men who embodied its severe demands in the Versailles Treaty are, if not discredited, at least for the time being laid on the shelf. Many little wars followed the Great War, and we are still living in an atmosphere of war and of rumors of war.

It is in this atmosphere that a book entitled "The Reformation of War" (Dutton) has been born. At first sight there seems something ironical in the title. For the author of the book, a British soldier, Col. J. F. C. Fuller, fairly revels in descriptions of that "next war" which, from his point of view, is as inevitable as the rising of to-morrow's sun, and which, he prophesies, will be bloodless because "the agony of muscle will be displaced by the agony of mind."

But we soon find that Colonel Fuller is deadly in earnest. He really believes that methods of terror, conceived in a new spirit and directed against entire populations, will constitute a "reformation" of war.

Not only that, but with the cool self-confidence of a Bernhardi, he sets on his title page the following dialogue:

*"The Spirit of Progress: 'Halt! Who goes there?'"*

*"The Spirit of Mankind: 'War!'"*

*"The Spirit of Progress: 'Pass, War, all's well!'"*

He proceeds to philosophize:

"Though the desire of man is peace, the law of life is war; the fittest, mentally or bodily, survive, and the less fit supply them with food, labor and service. Life lives on life; look around and see if this be not true. . . . The stronger survive through brute strength, and the more cunning through craft; thus begins that interminable struggle between muscle

and mind which is the mainspring of all progress."

Colonel Fuller ventures the further generalization that the pendulum of life swings between the two extremes of love and fear, and that, though man desires rest, the hand which holds the balance has ordained that he must seek it through activity. "Man possesses no right to live, but solely might to kill and so to preserve life." The argument proceeds:

"From the national standpoint, a war of conquest has nothing to do with right or wrong, for Nature knows nothing of morality, unless morality be defined as race survival. Efficient races conquer and enjoy their conquests, just as efficient hunters kill and enjoy their prey. So also are effete races conquered, and, should they be eaten up, they deserve their fate. If they can, however, overthrow their conquerors, then equally do they deserve their liberation. A race which submits to slavery is a race the virility of which has grown sterile. Nature abhors a mental eunuch as fervently as she abhors a physical vacuum.

"Great nations are born in war, because war is the focal point of national concentration; great nations decay in peace, because peace is the circumference of the circle the center of which is this focal point—the greater the diameter or time the greater the danger resulting."

In the firm conviction that "to anathematize war is to gibber like a fool" and that men will fight with fists, teeth and nails if other weapons are denied, Colonel Fuller asserts that the evolution of military methods in the Great War laid down the lines along which the war of the future is to pass. In 1914, at the outset of hostilities, the traditional idea prevailed that the object of war is to kill. By degrees this idea gave way to that of demoralizing. At the end, a method of attack was devised which all but ignored brute force and which for

slaughter substituted nervous shock, aiming a moral blow at the brain, in place of a physical blow at the body, of the enemy.

The instrument of the new warfare is to be gas. Colonel Fuller explains:

"Gas is composed of chemical molecules each of which can disable; consequently, the projectiles of a gas bombardment cannot be reckoned by thousands per minute, but by thousands of trillions. In fact, so immense a number that it is not even necessary to know the position of the target; all that is necessary is to know in what area it is, and then to inundate this area. Unlike a bullet, the effect of gas does not cease once the force generated to propel it is spent, for, while the bullet is 'dead,' the gas molecule is 'alive,' and may remain alive for days after gas has been projected. If the reader can imagine a machine gun which can fire millions of bullets a second, each bullet drifting on after the force of the original discharge has been spent, creeping through trees and houses, wandering over walls and into shelters and dug-outs, then he will have some idea how gas can be used to economize military time."

This gas, it seems, is to be flung by great fleets of airplanes not only against armies, but against civilian workers.

"A few years ago armies alone went forth to battle; today entire nations go to war, not only as soldiers, but as the moral and material suppliers of soldiers. This being so, we find that, while a short time back it was clearly possible to differentiate between the military and ethical objective of nations at war, to-

day this differentiation is becoming more and more complex; so much so that both these objectives are likely to coincide, and, when this takes place, to attack the civilian workers of a nation will then be as justifiable an act of war as to attack its soldiers."

Bearing in mind that the main tactical problem in war is to hit without being hit, is it common sense, Colonel Fuller asks, to expect a nation, reduced to fight for its life, a nation which possibly possesses scientific weapons of tremendous power, and the development of the power which demands surprise in its positive form—an unexpected and terrific blow, moral or physical, according to the theory of warfare held—to place its adversary on guard by saying: "On August 4 I am going to hit you"? What is far more probable is that the enemy will say nothing at all or: "On August 4 I will agree to your terms," and then launch a surprise attack on the 3d. "Such action," Colonel Fuller asserts, "may be proclaimed as immoral; this, however, makes it none the less likely, because war is not a boxing match; far from it—it is a life-and-death struggle."

The gas first used in the Great War was deadly in its effects. This was because "soldiers and the civil suppliers of soldiers had become so accustomed to think in terms of killing." Later, the lethal gas was supplanted by mustard gas.

"On July 12, 1917, at the third battle of Ypres, the Germans, by making use of a chemical commonly known as mustard

#### A VISION OF BLOODLESS FIGHTING

"I BELIEVE that, in future warfare, great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air and that a fleet of 500 airplanes each carrying 500 ten-pound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into panic within half an hour of their arrival.

"Picture, if you can, what the result will be: London for several days will be one vast raving Bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek for help, the city will be in pandemonium. What of the government at Westminster? It will be swept away by an avalanche of terror. Then will the enemy dictate his terms, which will be grasped like a straw by a drowning man. Thus may a war be won in forty-eight hours and the losses of the winning side may be actually nil!"—Col. J. F. C. Fuller, D.S.O., in his new book, "The Reformation of War."

gas, disclosed to the whole world the future possibilities of gas warfare. Respirators to a great extent were now useless, for the persistent and vesicant nature of this chemical rendered whole areas, for days on end, uninhabitable and dangerous to cross. Men carried the oily liquid on their clothes, on the mud of their boots, and infected dugouts, billets and rest camps far back on the lines of communication. Few died, but many were incapacitated for months on end. Here, curious to relate, is the true power of gas as a weapon—it can incapacitate without killing. A dead man says nothing, and, when once buried, is no encumbrance to the survivors. A wounded man will spread the wildest of rumors, will exaggerate dangers, foster panic and requires the attention of others to heal him—until he dies or is cured, he is a military encumbrance and a demoralizing agent. Gas is, par excellence, the weapon of demoralization, and, as it can terrorize without necessarily killing, it, more than any other known weapon, can enforce the policy of one nation on another."

Colonel Fuller devotes entire chapters to the strategy that he thinks will be necessitated by the new methods. He even fashions a mould wherein may be cast a new army. "The traditional soldier," he states flatly, "is doomed. The implements of war must be scrapped." In the future a nation which destroys the economic resources of its enemy will be felt to have destroyed its eventual markets and thus to have wounded itself. The principle underlying war will be: "The less the loss, the greater the victory!"

All of which has aroused keen interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The New York *Independent* declares that it has all along had a "hunch" that neither the pacifists, nor the Socialists, nor Mr. Bok, nor the League of Nations would abolish war, or take the "pep" out of it. "The chemists are attending to the matter, and they are the folk, as all the world knows, who have a way of doing what they set out to do, instead of talking about it. The new type of gas artist is about to accomplish what the old type has miserably failed to achieve." The *Independent* goes on to speak of the possibilities of soporite:

"Colonel Fuller is a Britisher. As might have been expected, an American military expert, more temperamental and optimistic, sees yet more refined and refining possibilities. The American war chemist will eliminate not only blood, but also nausea. Col. Raymond F. Bacon, Chief of the Technical Division, tells us in a paper published by the American Chemical Society how it will be done. The enemy's position or population will be sprayed with soporite, a gas which will put everybody harmlessly asleep for six hours. That will be ample time for a *coup d'état*, and the business will be over. War will have become not merely tolerable, but nice. It will have all the zest of an international sport, but be far less dangerous than polo or golf."

*Collier's Weekly* takes issue with two of Colonel Fuller's arguments:

"An able and forward-looking soldier writes in his book, 'The Reformation of War,' that '... the fittest, mentally or bodily, survive. ...' The book hangs on that proposition, and it is not true. Millions of young women in England and on the Continent to-day have fourth- or fifth-rate husbands or none, simply because the best men were sorted out, sent to the front, and killed. The Napoleonic wars absolutely lowered the physical well-being of France just as the Thirty Years' War did for Germany. Both countries still suffer from those long-past brutalities. As Will Irwin has shown, the last war excelled all others in destroying the best of our human life.

"Colonel Fuller concludes that war is bound to come: 'As well attempt to damp down Erebus with a duster as to attempt to control the primitive instincts of man by oath, syllogism or agreement. ...' That is not true either. If our author would only step out into his London streets he would see the primitive instincts of man—namely, lust, murder, theft, violence—controlled precisely as he says it cannot be done.

"Our world is not perfect. Soldiers are still necessary servants of our civilization, but they are servants, not dictators, not guardians. War is a defect of modern civilization, especially of our politics, not an essential. The test of a soldier is wisdom to see the limits of his trade as did Grant and Lee."

## TENNYSON REINTERPRETED IN TERMS OF TO-DAY

**T**HREE new books on Tennyson by English writers testify to continuing interest in the man who for nearly half a century was Poet Laureate of England. The first, "Tennyson: A Modern Portrait," by Hugh l'Anson Fausset, is critical and, in the main, unsympathetic. The second, "The Reaction Against Tennyson," by A. C. Bradley, is highly complimentary. The third, "Tennyson: Aspects of His Life, Character and Poetry," by Harold Nicolson, balances arguments for and against, and ends with a tribute to Tennyson's lyrical inspiration. Taken together, these three books are an important part of that Victorian revival which has lately been gathering strength on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Nicolson, who is favorably known as the author of a study of Paul Verlaine, has written the best book of the three (published in America by Houghton Mifflin). It is original, provocative and embodies an immense amount of research. While no reader is likely to agree with his argument in its entirety, there is none who can read it without recognizing that Tennyson was an august figure—as unquestionably the poet of nineteenth-century England as Pope was of the England of the eighteenth century and Racine and Hugo of seventeenth- and nineteenth-century France.

It is Mr. Nicolson's contention that Tennyson's mind was essentially subjective, not objective, and that what he *felt* was infinitely more important than what he *thought*. But the irony of fate, according to this interpretation, reversed the natural order, of

things by creating a "Tennyson legend" which delayed both the understanding and expression of his genius.

"For over fifty years his votaries prostrated themselves before the shrine which they had built for him, and he, moving a little clumsily at times within his sacerdotal vestments, became inevitably more and more the civic prophet—the communal bard. There were grave disadvantages in this process. In the first place, it has rendered him, for some at least of the successors of his own generation, an object of derision and even of dislike. And, in the second place, what is more important, it hampered seriously the expression of his own essential genius. For whereas Tennyson was an extremely good



*After a Painting by G. F. Watts*

### THE TRIUMPHANT POET OF FEAR

Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England for nearly fifty years, is presented in a new biography as a man who was beset by fears, but who conquered them.



emotional poet, he was, unfortunately, but a very second-rate instructional bard. His gift of emotion, had he indulged it less reservedly, was powerful and immense; his capacity for thought, which he indulged effusively, was of a quite different quality."

Now every generation of readers, in Mr. Nicolson's view, evolves its own definition of what constitutes the highest poetry, and our own generation seems to value most of all a reality of emotional impulse. They look for it in Tennyson, and they find, or think they find, little reality, less emotion and scarcely any impulse at all. They accuse him, therefore, of being no true poet; and this accusation, Mr. Nicolson contends, rests on a complete misconception of his peculiar genius. The argument proceeds:

"For although the great mass of Tennyson's poetry, however skilful it may be in form, appears in substance to be lacking in these important qualities of impulse, reality and emotion; although one must admit that his prosperous assurance, his laborious and careful revisions, his accuracy and caution, lead one at times to doubt the compelling force of his inspiration, and even, perhaps, to question his sincerity; although he was apt on all occasions to exploit sentiments and situations which were certainly superficial and perhaps unreal; although he flinched alike before the flame of passion and the cold nakedness of truth, yet there are sudden panting moments when the frightened soul of the man cries out to one like some wild animal caught in the pens at night-time—moments when he lies moaning in the half-light in an agony of fear. And at such moments the mystical genius of Tennyson comes upon one in a flash, and there can be no question of the reality of his emotion and his impulse."

Mr. Nicolson says that he advances this theory not as a paradox but, for what it is worth, as an absolute personal conviction. For him, the essential Tennyson is a morbid and unhappy mystic. He is the hero of "The Sensitive Mind," of "The Two Voices," and above all, of "Maud." He was a spirit for whom there was an "ever-moaning

battle in the mist"—a soul whose fancies mingled

with the shallow-rifted glooms  
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind;

and thus at times there comes

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
At night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

For those who accept this theory, no great difficulty will arise in reconciling the essential Tennyson with the Tennyson of the legend.

"One would prefer not to fall back upon the jargon of the psycho-analysts, but the application of the Freudian system to the case of Tennyson is quite illuminating. Tennyson was afraid of a great many things; predominatingly, he was afraid of death, sex and God. And in all these matters, he endeavored to 'sublimate' his terrors by enunciating the beliefs which he desired to feel, by dwelling upon the solution by which he would like to be convinced. . . . Once one accepts the realization of a Tennyson, particularly the younger Tennyson, as a man who was morbidly afraid, one must admit that the process by which he conquered his affliction cannot be described as consciously insincere. And once one is able to dispose of this fatal suspicion of insincerity, the real beauty of Tennyson's poetry will triumph of itself."

All this prepares the mind for Mr. Nicolson's conclusion:

"In the end, as always with any poet of value, it matters little what theories are propounded or what discoveries are made. In the end, Tennyson will be appreciated, not in the least because the ingenious critic has toyed for an hour or two with some fresh or forgotten aspect of his genius. He will be appreciated because he wrote 'Ulysses' and 'The Lotos Eaters'; because he wrote 'Tithonus'; because he wrote 'The Two Voices'; because he wrote 'Maud'; because he wrote Now lies the Earth all Danæ to the stars, and 'Crossing the Bar.'

"And, after all, 'In Memoriam.'"



## WHICH ARE THE FIFTEEN FINEST NOVELS?

WITH the thought in mind that one list more, in a year that has been distinguished by the making of lists, can do no harm, William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English Literature at Yale University, sets down for the *Forum* his fifteen preferences in fiction. He told us, long ago, that Russian fiction and German music are the best in the world but it happens that in his present list England scores six times, France four, Russia three and America two. Every reader will wish to make additions and subtractions, and some may strongly oppose his selections. Nothing pleases him more, he says, than to bring readers and critics into a state of violent rage. and nothing is surer to attain that end than to publish a list of best books. "The fact that the list-maker can never prove he is right and nobody can prove he is wrong, constitutes an irresistible temptation."

Here, then, is Professor Phelps' list, with reasons in support of his various selections appended:

1. *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), by DANIEL DEFOE.

This is the first English novel. In "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe added to the scant population of immortal personages by creating a character who is more real than fact, and who is known to men, women and children throughout the world.

2. *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), by JONATHAN SWIFT.

Defoe was a germinal writer, and his "grave, imperturbable lying" was adopted by an even greater genius, Swift, whose prose style has never been excelled. Although Swift intended "Gulliver's Travels" as a satire on "that animal called man" and so completely succeeded that it is probably the most terrible satire ever written, he brought to its composition such art, such imagination and such humor that for two

hundred years it has delighted the object of its scorn.

3. *Clarissa* (1747-8), by SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Alfred de Musset called this *le premier roman du monde*. Like the two preceding books, it was written when its author was fifty-eight, which seems to have been a lucky age for our first novelists. It is one of the longest of English works of fiction, filling eight volumes; but those who have the patience to read it will find that it steadily grows in interest, and that its length is essential to its plan.

4. *The History of Tom Jones* (1749), by HENRY FIELDING.

Many believe this to be the greatest of English novels; personally Professor Phelps prefers "David Copperfield." Fielding is as modern in his temperament as if he were living to-day, and Tom Jones is the natural man of all time.

5. *Eugénie Grandet* (1833), by HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

This is universally acknowledged to be one of the best by its author, and it is Professor Phelps' favorite. He likes it better than "Père Goriot," which was written the year following, because it is free from the exaggeration which mars that powerful book. The contrast between Eugénie and her miserly father, together with the similarity, make a lasting impression.

6. *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (1844), and its sequels: *Vingt Ans Après* (1845), *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* (1848-1850), by ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Professor Phelps never enjoyed any novel more than this. D'Artagnan and the three musketeers, he says, should be among the intimate friends of every man, woman and child in the world who knows how to read.

7. *David Copperfield* (1849-1850), by CHARLES DICKENS.

To Professor Phelps' mind Dickens

is the greatest English novelist because he made the largest contribution and because he is irreplaceable. Should the works of any other disappear, we could find a substitute, which, while not perhaps "just as good," might serve. But who could take the place of Dickens? We have outgrown him in only one respect. Sentimental pathos, which was fashionable in the fifties, was his weak point.

8. *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It is impeccable. The evolution of the story is as perfect as a flower; the characters are set before the reader in full completeness; the style is as near perfection as seems possible; the intensity of the tragedy is felt by all readers, young and old.

9. *Henry Esmond* (1852), by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Thackeray produced "Esmond" in one volume without any serial publication; it is the most unified of his works, written with the most zest, and filled with the most impressive scenes. It is a brilliant performance.

10. *Madame Bovary* (1857), by GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Robert Browning read this when it appeared, and it was his "favorite novel." Here is a book containing not a single character worthy of admiration, not one whom we should like to have as an acquaintance; the environment would make Main Street seem exciting; but the story is unforgettable because we know it is true.

11. *Fathers and Children* (1861), by IVAN S. TURGENEV.

Of all novelists, Turgenev is the foremost artist, for he never wrote a faulty book. George Moore says he is the greatest artist since antiquity. Turgenev brought fathers and children together in a manner that, while intensely contemporary, is also ageless, for the same thing happens in every country and at every period.

12. *Les Misérables* (1862), by VICTOR HUGO.

Jean Valjean is a character that will live as long as literature; and every-

body knows Javert, Fantine, Cosette, Marius, Gavroche, old Gillenormand, Thénardier, and his terrific wife. It seems strange enough that these people had no existence until Victor Hugo put them on paper.

13. *Anna Karenina* (1873-1876), by LEO N. TOLSTOY.

If Professor Phelps had to name the greatest novel ever written he would name "Anna Karenina." He is overwhelmed by the truthfulness of the characters, conversations and scenes. All the younger writers of Russia—Chekhov, Gorki, Andreev, Artsybashev, Kuprin—have been Tolstoy's disciples in art, and have done their best to follow his manner. It is curious that one who was so wholly Russian as Tolstoy should by his novels have made the whole world kin.

14. *The Brothers Karamazov* (1879-1880), by FEDOR M. DOSTOEVSKI.

If Dickens is a horizontal novelist, covering an enormous surface of men and manners, Dostoevski is vertical. He plunges into depths below the lowest yet explored; he rises to heights where no other could live. He holds the altitude record. Although "Crime and Punishment" is the most popular, there is no doubt in Professor Phelps' mind that the greatest of Dostoevski's works is "The Brothers Karamazov." The family history of the Karamazovs will teach us much about the Russians, much about humanity, and a great deal about ourselves that hitherto we had not even suspected.

15. *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), by MARK TWAIN.

It may be too soon to place this work among the fifteen, but its steadily growing fame has all the signs of permanence. Here is America, its authentic voice. This is an epic of the Mississippi River, and no one who has ever read "Huck" will see the Mississippi or read its name without thinking of his raft. Mark Twain is unique in American literature as Dickens is in English, and the world has made up its mind that it cannot possibly get along without him.

My dear Mr. Lucey  
 I don't  
 think so I see you  
 or write you but  
 I want you to know  
 that if it were not  
 for you I should  
 not be here and  
 I want to tell you  
 how much I love  
 you.

Do not work too  
 much now and try  
 to enjoy yourself in  
 your well earned  
 leisure of age.

Yours sincerely,  
 Calvin Coolidge

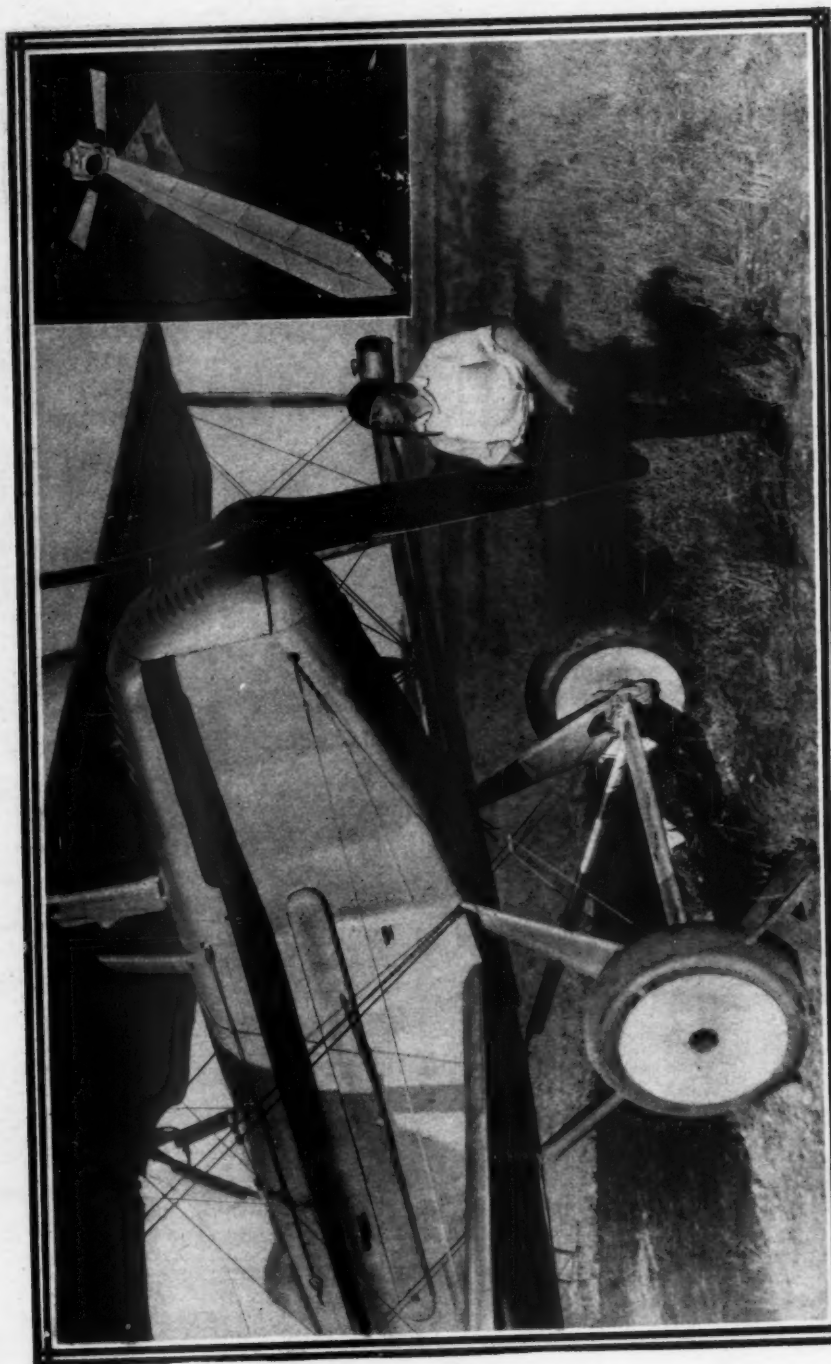
Aug 6 1923

Mr. James Lucey,  
 Northampton,  
 Mass.



© P. & A. Photos

THIS MASSACHUSETTS COBBLER TAUGHT THE COOLIDGE IDEA HOW TO SHOOT  
 James Lucey, in his Northampton shoeshop, has received from our thirtieth President a  
 remarkable and generous testimonial in recognition of his shrewd Yankee counsel.



U. S. MAIL FLIERS BREAK ALL RECORDS—SEA TO SEA IN 26 HRS. 14 MIN.  
Pilot Wesley L. Smith (shown above) beats the transcontinental record of Lieuts. Macready  
and Kelly. A ground wind indicator (inset) which pivots with the breeze.

© Wide World



© Keystone

**TWO ENGLISH LITERARY SHRINES GO UNDER THE HAMMER**

The Old Curiosity Shop, immortalized by Charles Dickens, fetches \$10,000, and his home at Gada Hill, near Rochester, England (below), is also offered for sale.





© International

EAMON DE VALERA SPEAKING AT ENNIS, IRELAND, JUST BEFORE HIS ARREST

A few minutes after this picture was taken, Free State soldiers arrived and raided the meeting, hustling the self-styled "President of the Irish Republic" to jail.

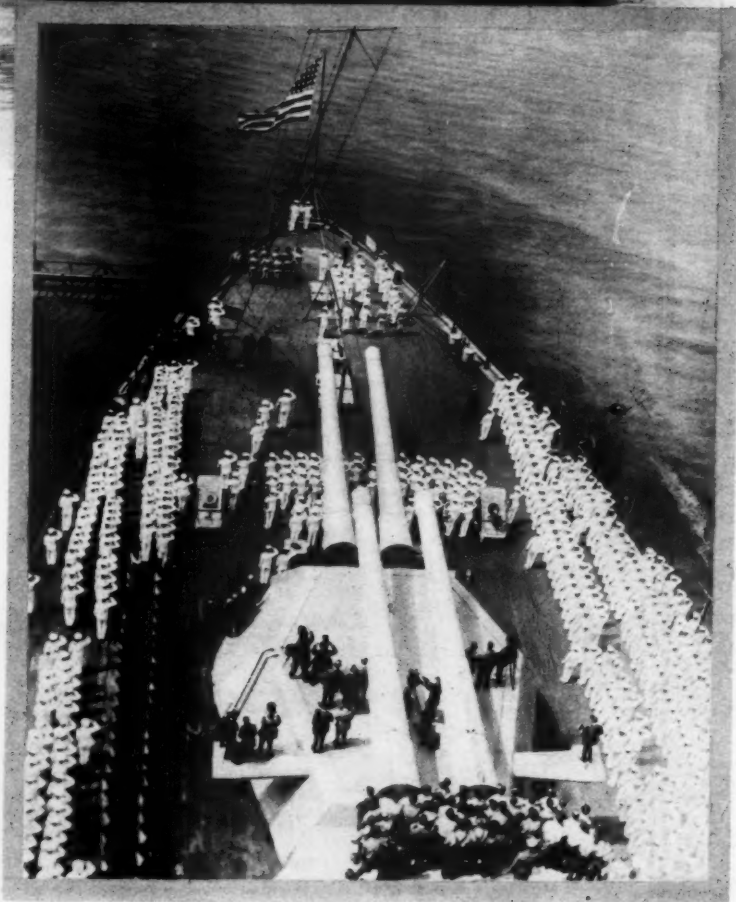


© Fotograms

**MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE AND MONUMENT IN FLORIDA, MISSOURI**

Nation-wide drive is on for funds to buy and develop a park amid scenes immortalized by the great humorist who put Missouri on the literary map.

"President of the Irish Republic" to jail.



© P. & A. Photos

**THIS IS "THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTING CRAFT IN THE WORLD"**  
U. S. S. Colorado, commissioned August thirtieth, is the last great ship to be built for the navy till 1931, by the terms of the Washington Conference.



© Ewing Galloway

"PLYMOUTH ROCK" AND "COMMON HOUSE." FIRST PAVED STREET IN U. S. A.  
They remind us of the Pilgrim Fathers, who disembarked from the Mayflower in 1621  
and who would not recognize the Massachusetts seaport town of Plymouth to-day.



© Kadel & Herbert

**HE'S THINKING HARD ABOUT THE RUHR SITUATION**

President Ebert of Germany, leaving the Berlin Museum after a conference with Chancellor Stresemann on which may depend the hegemony of Germany.



## A NOVEL THAT MARKS A REACTION FROM FEMINISM

**T**HERE is something almost startling about the conservatism of Charles G. Norris' new novel, "Bread" (Dutton). Taken in conjunction with other books that have lately been issued on both sides of the Atlantic, it shows, beyond question, that a violent reaction against the "feminist" position is taking place. The tendency during recent years has been to accept as something inevitable the advancing tide of feminism, evidenced in woman's conquest of the suffrage and in woman's invasion of the industrial field. But here is a book that sets itself squarely against that tendency. It is as old-fashioned, in its conclusion, as the works of Charles Kingsley and Louisa M. Alcott.

Mr. Norris has declared that his sole purpose in writing his books has been to make people think. The first of his novels to attract attention was "Salt," a study of education. His second success, "Brass," was a study of marriage. His third and best novel, "Bread," is dedicated to "the working women of America" and is a study of women in business.

The scene of the new novel is laid in and around New York City, and its heroine is a young woman who goes out from her poverty-stricken home to work as a stenographer and typewriter. Her first position is in a house which publishes subscription books. Her second leads to the secretaryship of a publishing magnate. Her heart is twice besieged and once conquered, but she leaves her husband because she cannot stand his slipshod ways, and returns to her secretaryship.

The whole point of the book is that her business career is at last unsatisfying. After fourteen years of plodding, rewarded by a fair degree of financial success, she goes to Philadelphia to see her former husband, now remarried. The effect of the visit is to plunge her



THE AUTHOR OF THREE BEST-SELLERS In "Salt," in "Brass" and now in "Bread," Charles G. Norris, known first as "Frank Norris' brother" and then, as "Kathleen Norris' husband," has scored real successes in his own right.

into despair, and to convince her, once and for all, that women were intended by Nature to be wives and mothers, not office-workers.

There are reviewers who find in "Bread" the record of an exceptional, rather than of a normal, woman. But Mr. Norris makes it clear that his book has a universal application. It is the American counterpart of A. M. S. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" and a far better story. In page after page the author expounds a philosophy that is as old as human nature.

When the familiar cry, the cry of youth calling for self-expression, of budding life eager for experience, of young womanhood demanding emancipation, reaches the heroine's ears, she makes the rejoinder:

"I threw away my life, talking just that kind of nonsense. To learn to earn her living is a dangerous thing for a young

girl. Its effect is poison: it's like a drug, a disease! I've paid bitterly for my financial independence. I sacrificed everything that was precious to me because I wanted to be self-supporting. Life is a

hard game for women at best, but waiting within the shelter of her own home for the man she'll some day come to love and who will love her is the best and wisest course for a girl to follow."

## PRESIDENT COOLIDGE RECOMMENDS TWENTY BOOKS FOR THE HOME

**W**HEN we turn to a list of books that President Coolidge has made for the *Delineator* as his contribution to a movement initiated by that magazine in behalf of "better homes," we know in advance that we shall not be startled by anything eccentric. Mr. Coolidge has neither the restless mind that Theodore Roosevelt possessed nor the scholarly mind that is characteristic of Woodrow Wilson. His list is the kind that will appeal to an average man.

It opens with the Bible. "We should probably find," he observes, "that the mothers of most of the great men of recent times, the mothers who have borne that large class which has contributed to the strength and high purpose of modern civilization, have been readers of the Bible."

The second book on the list is Victor Hugo's novel, "Les Misérables." From this President Coolidge passes to speak of "certain household problems, like nourishment, which is so important for the bodily welfare of all, and the management of children," and to name "The Care and Feeding of Children," by Doctor Holt, and the "Boston Cooking-School Cook-Book," by Farmer.

Four children's books are named: "Mother Goose Rimes," "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Little Women" and "Robin Hood." These could be supplemented, President Coolidge suggests, by "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by Franck, and "The Story of Mankind," by Van Loon.

Proceeding to what might interest the father when he joins the family circle at evening, President Coolidge remarks: "A general-reference history will be wanted which would include an

outline of ancient times, the record of Greece and Rome, some account of Continental Europe, a reference to Asia and a more extended story of England and the British Isles. Such a work is the revised edition of the 'Outlines of World's History,' by Fisher. Of course, the library must have a good history of the United States."

The three names deemed especially worthy of a place in American biography are Franklin's autobiography; "Washington," by Lodge; and "Lincoln," by Charnwood.

Two reference-books are regarded as indispensable: a dictionary and an atlas.

A standard work on our institutions and government, the principles of which ought to be carefully studied by every citizen, can be found in "The American Commonwealth," by Bryce.

Of poetry, in President Coolidge's view, there should be some. But instead of confining the library to one or two volumes of a few of the masters, he advises the purchase of such an anthology as the "Home Book of Verse," edited by Stevenson. One poet, historian, philosopher, dramatist and genius, however, cannot be overlooked—every library must have Shakespeare.

These twenty books are suggested by President Coolidge as fundamental and as representing the thoughts that have nourished religion, government and character. "Civilized society has no other known support. If civilization is to be preserved and reproduced, it will be through the intelligence and disposition, the mental and moral power of the people. That power is created by contemplation of great deeds and communion with great thoughts. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

## NEW EFFORTS TO ENLARGE THE SCOPE OF THE NOVEL

THE time has come, in the art of fiction, for new terms, new definitions, to keep pace with the many new inventions. So Joseph Warren Beach, Associate Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, declares in an article in the *North American Review*. Mr. Beach looks back to the time when our art was the art of an age of science. He is thinking not only of fiction, but also of music and painting. He suggests that the scientific spirit in art—the spirit of George Eliot and Zola, the spirit of Brahms, of Manet and Renoir—has largely given way in our times to another spirit, the spirit of sheer æsthetic intention. This spirit, he says, is protean, expressing itself in many ways and changing its form even as we undertake to fix it with a phrase. But it has its distinguishable aspects.

The new spirit is, first of all, embodied in a sheer love of design. We see this, Mr. Beach affirms, in poetry in Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg, as we see it in most post-impressionist painting, which is interested not so much in realistic imitation as in the arrangement of colors and planes of light in decorative patterns. Even in the novel Mr. Beach notes signs of a languishing interest in realism and romance, the old categories, and a disposition to treat the stuff of life with some of the constructive freedom of a Gauguin or a Matisse.

This love of design is well illustrated in the novels of Joseph Hergesheimer—especially in "Java Head," in which the greatest potentialities of drama center about Taou Yuen, the gorgeous Manchu lady so amazingly set down among the staid parochial notabilities of Salem.

"The great technical feature of this book is the presentation from the points of view of nine different persons, who succeed one another in successive chapters as the changing mirrors in which the action

is reflected. These characters are not all of the first importance to the story, and they are of all different sorts: from the girlish innocence of Laurel, proud of being too grown-up for pantalettes but all absorbed in childish things, to Edward Dunsack, treacherous and corrupt and crazed with opium; not to mention the intenser colors of Gerrit, Quixotic man of the sea, and Taou Yuen, lonely and superior, dressed out in high Confucian wisdom as in stiff satins and embroideries. Each one of these characters, major and minor, gives the dominant note of color to his chapter; and the whole is like a gorgeous and exquisite fan with many-colored leaves spread wide."

From Hergesheimer and the Novel of Decoration Mr. Beach goes on to speak of Joseph Conrad. We have in Conrad, he asserts, a great master, if not the inventor, of a type of fiction that is almost unique. We know realism; we know romance; but how shall we classify that kind of psychological analysis which is pursued with a kind of holy passion to the exclusion of incident, manners, and what ordinarily passes for character? Mr. Beach writes in this connection:

"Romance in Conrad has undergone a sea-change into something akin to poetry. Ordinary romance is, after all, in the novel, a prosy matter. The business of the ironclad knight was, we may suppose, the winning of battles and ladies. But in this transcendental romance we are concerned not with the practical business of chivalrous heroes so much as with the pursuit of some abstract romantic ideal suitable to the poets of the Renaissance or of the 'Romantic Movement'—something to remind us of 'Alastor' and 'Eipsychidion.' Monsieur George, in 'The Arrow of Gold,' had no business with the Legitimist revolt of Don Carlos; and still less did he have any business mooning over Doña Rita. And his love for Doña Rita was anything but the ordinary love of the heroes of prose romance—that practical determination to possess himself of a princess in a tower. It was a Platonic

vision of abstract beauty, a Shelleyan nympholepsy. She was no woman but Woman. She was not even Woman in the abstract as conceived by classic poets. 'She was That which is to be Contemplated to all Infinity.' And the realization of her infinite nature induced in the hero a most unheroic mood of contemplative quietude. 'I had never tasted such perfect quietness before. It was not of this earth. I had gone far beyond. (Like Shelley following Keats into "the Abode where the Eternal are.") It was as if I had reached the ultimate wisdom beyond all dreams and all passion.' She was for him an object of poetic contemplation, a symbolic representation of abstract beauty. 'I cared for nothing but that sublimely æsthetic impression. It summed up all life, all joy, all poetry.' She was even, he feared, a creation of his own mind, a purely ideal creature. 'Since I came into this room you have done nothing to destroy my conviction of your unreality apart from myself.'"

The next figure treated is that of James Branch Cabell, who, in Mr. Beach's interpretation, may be said to enlarge the boundaries set by Hergesheimer and Conrad at least to the extent of inventing a world of his own. No one has shown such technical inventiveness in the art of story-telling as Mr. Conrad, nor has anyone in our day so enriched the novel with new materials drawn from the strange actualities of our habitable globe. But nothing, according to Mr. Beach, shows so well the untried possibilities of the novel for discoveries in the history of the soul as Mr. Cabell's creation out of whole cloth of a dream-world for himself.

"We know from his own 'Beyond Life' and from Mr. Burton Rascoe's introduction to 'Chivalry' how devoted he is to life on a purely romantic, a purely ideal, plane—any manner of life which conforms to Pater's prescription of burning with a hard, gemlike flame. This poetic conception may be embodied, as Mr. Conrad has shown, in actual men moving among actualities. But Mr. Cabell has chosen to show it forth in purely representative figures moving through a purely representative country among types and symbols of life and circumstance. That is our present-

day exhibition of the search for the blue flower, or the Holy Grail."

The peculiar originality of Dorothy Richardson is manifested in another field. What interests her is the flowing stream of consciousness. Mr. Beach discovers in "Pilgrimage" an inner or poetic verity that Joyce's "Ulysses" lacks. The ultimate goal toward which it points is a mystical one.

Waldo Frank is characterized as still more clearly a mystic and a poet. He has carried, we are told, the method of Dorothy Richardson even further, and has added certain technical devices of his own. One of these is the representation in spoken words of the mute dialogue of thoughts unvoiced. Another novelty is the occasional introduction of passages of free verse.

Sherwood Anderson, finally, is interpreted as a writer not only of mystical, but also of lyrical, intention. There is a situation in his novel, "Many Mariages," in which a manufacturer in a Wisconsin town strips off his clothes and parades, in an upper room of his house, before an improvised altar. The scene is revolting to many people, but has, for Mr. Beach, a significance which robs it of grossness. He says:

"This is a composition, an arrangement, as the placing of Taou Yuen in the Unitarian Church in Salem is an arrangement in 'Java Head.' Only it is a simpler arrangement, more 'naïf,' more 'primitive,' more Continental, more direct. It goes with the simplicity of style that gives Sherwood Anderson so much distinction in a time of foppery and scented phrase—with the simple recurrent imagery, of the covered well, for example, and the tearing down of walls. And it is this deliberate self-denying plainness of Sherwood Anderson as such as anything else that reminds us that he is producing a work of essentially Lyrical Intention. That is simply a phrase like another, like the Novel of Decoration or Transcendental Romance. But phrases are often helpful in determining our approach to work of an unfamiliar order. And Mr. Anderson is more in need of such a service than any other of those of our time who are enriching the novel with new devices, new intentions."



# JUSTICE IN THE PAINTED HILLS

## The Story of a Dog's Revenge

By ALEXANDER HULL

Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

**L**IN TAYLOR had murdered his partner. He had known he was going to do that for three days, ever since in the rotten, friable detritus of the mountain meadow they had found the fabulously rich deposit of gold. The source of the stream upon which this placer

gold lay was so near at hand, the high valley so restricted in area, that the finding of the lode from which the deposits had disintegrated and been washed into the little basin seemed a practical certainty, and the task, it might be, merely of days, certainly of no more than a few weeks.

Both men had been experienced prospectors, partners for more than three years, years, however, that had never paid out in more than day wages. Late in the preceding fall pronounced traces of color in lower Paint Creek had sent them climbing, through the next spring, farther and farther toward the headwaters among the mountain summits which, rising steep and snow-garbed out of the high plateau, gave the stream its name. Convinced at length that they were near the mother lode, that it must, in fact, lie up this particular branch, they had built a cabin at the foot of the meadow within sight of the marvelous peaks of the Painted Hills, which gleamed in red and green and blue and yellow, mingled with the white and violet and rose of the snow fields, like some incomparable color scheme of a superhuman futurist painter.

Three days ago their theory had found confirmation. In the very roots of the meadow grass and flowers they had discovered pay dirt, literally thousands of dollars' worth of loose gold in a plot scarcely half as large as a city lot! Moreover, just up-stream there was certainly

**L**IN TAYLOR left Shep out of the reckoning when he decided to slay his partner and fellow mining prospector, John Harvey, and thus enrich himself with the gold that they had found in abundance in Paint Creek. Shep was a one-man dog, and his devotion to his master, Harvey, was characteristic of the breed. This story, which we reprint from the *American Magazine*, is highly rated by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

the vein which, discovered, would make them rich as the dreams of avarice.

From that dizzy moment Lin Taylor had known that he alone must profit by that wealth. If by some malevolent stroke of fate he failed to find the vein from which this gold had come,

why, there was altogether too little in the meadow washing to be shared with another man. And even if he did locate the mother lode—No! John Harvey must die!

That they had broken bread together for years, shared the same cabin, the same fire and tobacco, that Harvey believed him to be his friend, that Harvey actually was *his* friend—none of these things mattered for an instant compared to the insatiable and ferocious lust that had lighted its fires in his veins at the sight of those big yellow flakes in his gold-pan. Mingled with those furious flames there was the ice of an implacable determination to kill; there was no heat in that. It was a cold intention.

**T**HIS morning, as they rounded a spur high up on Firetop Mountain, a massive dome which took its name from the scarlet rock of its peak, his chance had come. At a critical moment he had suddenly halted in the trail and thrust out a foot. Harvey, stumbling upon the edge of a yawning abyss, tottered for seconds which seemed like infinity to Lin Taylor, and then pitched downward in utter silence, but with a look on his face of horror and incredulous amazement.

Lin Taylor stood alone on the trail, breathing heavily from sheer nervousness and excitement. His knees were trembling. He leaned back against the scarp of rock that towered upward from the trail. Here, in a moment, his strength and





From that dizzy moment Lin Taylor had known that he alone must profit by that wealth . . . there was altogether too little in the meadow washing to be shared with another man.

determination came back to him rapidly, and with them a feeling of intense exaltation.

**H**E was a rich man at last! Forty-three years he had been the world's under dog, but now—

He straightened up confidently, stood away from the wall behind him. Kneeling in the trail he leaned far over the edge and peered down into the chasm. Far below, lying like a heap of old clothing, he discerned upon the jagged rocks of the canyon floor all that remained of John Harvey.

Yes, he told himself, as he got to his feet, the job was done—and well done! And there was not a chance that the way it had been done ever would come to light. No living being knew, or would ever know!

Close upon that thought he noticed how very still it was. It was always still in the high mountains, though, and for weeks one might hear no human sound. It was suddenly impressed upon him that he would hear none from this moment, save those which he made himself. . . . But there was one sound now afloat upon the clear high atmosphere, a distant, faint baying, miles away to the south, Shep, John Harvey's dog, on the trail of a rabbit or a coyote.

Just then a pressure of wind came off the ice fields of Blue Peak in the opposite direction and passed, sounding and cold,

over Lin Taylor, the canyon, and the dead man, and was gone. It had blown for a minute, perhaps, with a low, keening moan, blotting out the other sound, that of the hunting dog. And when it was gone there was no sound at all, neither wind, nor bird, nor dog—utter silence, complete and somehow menacing.

Lin Taylor stirred from his immobility and, turning, made his way back in the direction from which he had come. Not long after he had reached the floor of the canyon, and threading his way among massive boulders and sharp outcroppings of the stratified bedrock he came at length to the huddled heap that had been John Harvey, his partner.

**I**F there had been an eye then to see him, the eye of an intelligence that hoped or expected to see him flinch, it would have been disappointed. Lin Taylor was not a man to feel remorse. There are such men, introspective men, who, committing a murder in a passion, are driven, harried and hounded by their own thoughts and imaginations, into betraying themselves at last to punishment. Lin Taylor was not that sort of man. Introspection as a word was unfamiliar to him; the process itself was scarcely less so. He would never betray himself. He would never see ghosts. It takes the eyes of belief to see ghosts, and Lin Taylor believed only in the things that can be handled—food

and drink, women, gold. The things of the spirit (and ghosts are essentially things of the spirit) did not exist for him.

And now, at the side of his victim, he felt neither remorse nor fear. Bending over the bloodstained and broken thing, he ascertained that there was nothing of value in its clothing, drew from its belt a prospector's pick, then, catching it hardily by the boot, he dragged it a few feet away to a shallow depression in the floor and set about heaping over it a cairn of rocks. Stones of every size were plentiful and half an hour saw his work done.

AN hour later Lin Taylor entered his cabin. Hurriedly getting together the dead man's effects, he loaded them upon one of the two pack mules grazing beside the cabin and, packing the saddle bags of the other animal with some food, he was in less than half an hour on his way out of the Painted Hills. With him he took nothing more to show for the season's work than one small bag of dust and nuggets, about the same number of ounces in weight that he and Harvey had averaged for the last three seasons.

The third day he reached Nordness, a settlement of three hundred inhabitants, the link between civilization and the mountain fastnesses, where for three seasons he and John Harvey had wintered, and whence in the first thawing of spring they had set out again on their quest for gold.

There was here no questioning of his story of Harvey's death, and he had known there would not be any. A careless step on the edge of a perilous cliff, a little loose rock underfoot—how often that had happened! Harvey's nearest relative, a cousin in New York, would never question the manner in which he became the receiver of some seven hundred unexpected and welcome dollars, half the proceeds of the dust which Lin Taylor had brought in. There was little interest anywhere in John Harvey, the poor and unimportant prospector. He had always been a silent man, sitting by the hotel stove through the winter days, with his dog at his feet as silent as himself, smoking his pipe, not surly, but uncommunicative in the extreme.

Lin Taylor himself, because of a bluff and hearty manner that gave him at least the appearance of cordiality, was the better liked of the two. And rather than suspicion he encountered sympathy. Dan

Blake, who owned the general store in Nordness, mentioned the loss thus the first time that Lin entered the store.

"Mighty hard luck, losing Harvey. Quiet sort of man, but I always had a notion he'd be a mighty good, dependable sort of fellow, if a man knew him. Makes it right hard for you, I guess."

Lin Taylor nodded.

"Fell off a cliff, I heard say? How'd it come to happen? Did you see it?"

Lin answered without hesitation: "No, I didn't see it. Must've happened that way, though. He started out to climb Firetop pretty early in the morning, and I figured he'd be back by noon or a little after. It's a good trail, you know."

"Never been up there," said Blake.

"Well, it is. I don't know what it was—presentiment, I guess. But along about three in the afternoon I began to get uneasy. So I started out. Well, I found him. Foot of a cliff about three-four hundred feet high—all broken to pieces. Slipped, I suppose."

"Mighty hard luck," said Blake again. "You'll miss him a lot. Been working together quite a spell, haven't you?"

"Going on four years," said Taylor shortly, with the manner of one who had rather not go on with the topic under discussion.

BLAKE perceived his reluctance, said to himself that Taylor was pretty hard hit by the accident, and forbore to question him further in that way, but asked briskly: "Well, what can I do for you?"

"Want to get a few supplies."

"Going out again?"

Taylor nodded.

"Pretty late in the season to be starting out, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I've got a good cabin that me and Harvey built."

"Going back up there?" queried Blake, in surprise.

It was obvious that he thought it odd. He was recalling all that he had heard said about the Painted Hills country, that prospectors hereabout were universally agreed that it was poor prospecting ground. True, a few colors had been found in the lower reaches of Paint Creek, as they had been in every stream in this part of the country, but no one had found more than that, despite the fact that the stream had been overrun with prospectors thirty years before, and had been tried from time to time, as a forlorn hope, by a

good many men since. Lin Taylor and his partner had got barely day wages out of it this season. And those mountains should now be doubly distasteful to Taylor because of the death of Harvey. It did look odd. Blake, pondering, wondered if Taylor was going to turn "queer." He saw no signs of it in the man's appearance; but, anyway, prospectors were pretty nearly all queer. Losing his partner that way was no doubt going to make Lin Taylor like the rest of them.

"Yeh, I guess I will."

"Get snowed in, won't you?"

"Won't likely be much snow for another month. Anyway, I've got a notion to winter it up there."

"Man!" They say the snow gets thirty feet deep in that country!"

"I'm used to snow country. Take a few traps, maybe, and get some fur. Plenty of firewood up there. And if I don't like it, why, I can come out on snowshoes or skis."

BLAKE shook his head, now thoroughly convinced that Taylor had gone queer. "You don't really think there's gold in that country, do you?"

"Think?" said Lin. "No! I know there is! How do you suppose the lower creek gets its colors? It's bound to be there, somewhere! The only trouble is finding it. It's there, though. It's got to be. It's got to wash down from somewhere, hasn't it?"

"Oh, sure," said Blake indulgently. "Sure. I admit there's gold up there. It's all around in these hills, for that matter; but it's badly spotted. Nobody ever finds much and nobody has located a good vein yet. Little pockets now and then; but that ain't what I mean. The big strike—"

"It's there," said Taylor stubbornly. "It's got to be. All you say doesn't prove anything except that nobody's made it yet."

"That's right," admitted Blake. "In theory, anyway. But it's a big country, too."

"I know that," said Taylor. "But if it's in the water, it's got to come from somewhere the water drains, hasn't it? Thunder! We worked pretty well up to the headwaters, Harvey and me. Harvey he had a hunch we were going to find it this summer. I didn't take much stock in it right at first, but— I tell you, Blake, it looks mighty promising. It's awful good-looking country. There ought to be gold in it."

"I wish I had a dollar for every square mile of good-looking country I've seen," said Blake.

Taylor laughed grudgingly. "Me, too, for that matter. But I've got a hunch I'm going to strike it—fore I come down again. Maybe Harvey passed the hunch on to me—I don't know—but—I've got that hunch."

BLAKE nodded. He well knew it. They all had that hunch. They kept going back into those lean mountains until they were grizzled and old, and their joints were swollen with rheumatism, and their bones rasped as they walked, and their eyes were bleared and half blind. And Blake, perhaps a little pharisaically, thanked God that he was a sensible man without the gold fever.

"Well," he said, "I hope your hunch is good, Taylor. I'd sure like to see you make the ten-strike!"

"Thanks," said Taylor. "Now then . . . let's see. Tobacco first of all. There'll sure be plenty of time for smoking if I don't come out till the spring."

For an hour he made purchases, and when he had finished he asked Blake if he had extra pack horses, and finally completed arrangements by which Blake's son was to take the stores in as far as the north branch, where they could be cached in a lean-to, from which Taylor could pack them to his cabin. He turned to go, but at the door paused, halted by Blake's inquiry:

"Say, Taylor! Whatever became of Harvey's dog?"

"Why—nothing. He's still up there."

"He is?"

"Yes. He's a great hunter, that dog. Goes out by himself, maybe be gone all day, maybe two days. Hear him baying off on the mountain somewhere. He was gone that way when I came down."

"Didn't know about Harvey being dead, then?"

Taylor shook his head.

"Wonder how he'll take it?"

"Darned if I know."

"He'll be all broke up over it, shouldn't wonder."

"H'm." The monosyllable might have meant anything.

"That was the darnedest, smartest dog I ever saw," pursued Blake. "He was the same one that tended that bunch of sheep over the Cascades, wasn't he?"

Blake was referring to the time, some

years before, when Shep, working with a grazing outfit, had become separated in a heavy fog from the main bunch of animals, and had disappeared with fifty of the sheep that were being brought down from the high country into the lowlands for the winter. That was early in October, and neither dog nor sheep were seen for almost five months and a half, and it was supposed they had perished in the cold, or had become the prey of coyotes, wolves or cougars. But one morning in April the band of sheep appeared at the ranch-house, seventy miles from the spot where they had been lost, every sheep plump and well-conditioned, not one missing. Shep had wintered them alone, no man knew how nor where!

Taylor admitted it was the same dog.

"And that's some dog," said Blake admiringly. "Did you know Harvey—of course you did, though—refused a thousand dollars for him?"

"Yeh, I knew it. Sure."

"Not much to look at, either," Blake went on. "'Bout half collie and half something else."

"Airedale, I guess," said Taylor.

"Just goes to show," said Blake, the true philistine. "You can talk about your thoroughbred dogs all you want. And after all what are they good for? Why, to take a blue ribbon at a swell dog-show! Then you take a dog like Shep—Say, I'd like to see some of those pure-breds put that stunt over!"

"A dog like Shep, though, he's been up against things; he understands. He's got the experience of life. He savvies. That was the most knowing dog I ever did see."

"Wouldn't make up to me, though. Oh, he wasn't ugly of course. Only, he just wasn't very friendly. Let me pet him, all right, but wouldn't wag his tail while I was doing it. One-man dog, I guess. That's the Airedale in him, I suppose."

"He was always friendly enough with me," said Taylor.

**T**HIS was a lie, but it seemed best to him to say it. That a dog should not be friendly with those with whom he is in daily contact is unusual, so unusual, indeed, that it awakens our distrust of the person for whom the dog shows distrust. There had never been any liking between Taylor and Harvey's dog. Taylor was that anomalous being, the man who didn't like dogs. Shep reciprocated the dislike, certainly. The antagonism had

never been open, for at the slightest show of restiveness on the dog's part there had always come the quick, sharp command of Harvey, whose lightest word was the dog's law. But Taylor did not intend Blake should know that; the instinct for self-protection warned him against it.

"He's always been friendly enough with me," he repeated.

"Of course. He knew you mighty well, he'd lived with you," nodded the storekeeper. "Well, I can't help wondering—You really aim to stay the winter out?"

"Going to make that ten-strike. Before the snow flies, if I can; if not, I'll surely stay!"

"Luck to you!" said Blake. "No man I'd rather see make it!"

That was the perfunctory cordiality of the shopkeeper, however, and he probably would have said the same to any other prospector whom he hadn't personal reasons for disliking.

**T**HE last wash of gold was pouring over the marvelous domes and spires of the Painted Hills three days later when Lin Taylor entered his cabin. He had no eye for the ineffable beauty of that moment, however. He was dead tired; moreover, he meant to be up early in the morning and on his search for the vein of gold. That, he had determined, should be his first concern. The flakes in the roots of the meadow grass were already found, and could wait. He unpacked his supplies and picketed the mules. After a hurried supper he turned into his bunk and lay there, smoking his pipe, with the door open, for the night was strangely mild. When his pipe went out, he went to sleep.

Something woke him.

He lay still, listening. He could hear the lazy "champ-champ" of the mules at the grass near by the cabin. It couldn't have been a prowling wild animal, or they would have been disturbed. He decided finally that it had been nothing. He did not sleep immediately, though, and after a little he rose and went to the door to look at the big, misty stars. It must be, he decided, after eleven. And then again he heard the sound that, however faint, had awakened him.

Far away, yet distinct, a long, mournful howl . . . repeated . . . and repeated again. . . . Shep, his murdered partner's dog!

He listened for a few moments while he smoked another pipe. The mournful ca-



dence was lifted again, and then again. He was not moved by it. It was so far away that, now he had identified it, it would not again disturb his sleep, and since it was so far away, let the dog howl!

With grim lines about his mouth, Lin Taylor climbed again into his bunk. But the door was no longer open to the night. He had closed it. And now, with one ear buried in his pillow, he could not be sure whether he heard the desolate keening of the animal, or imagined it. If it was imagination . . . well, he was not strong on that! He drifted into a dreamless sleep.

HE was up with the dawn, and could scarcely wait to consume his breakfast, so intense was his excitement. This morning he meant to follow the trail that he and Harvey had taken the morning he had murdered Harvey. The night preceding the two men had lain awake until nearly daylight, prospecting in advance the ensuing day's search.

"High up—probably just below the bend at the edge of Gray Spur," Harvey had said at last. "And there'll be a lot of loose stuff down at the edge of the water, and up above somewhere a scar, a new one, for there are flakes almost on top of last year's dead grass. We can take the Firetop trail and catch the branch just below the Spur."

They had taken the trail, and for Harvey it had led to eternity. To-day Lin Taylor meant to take it alone, and for him it would lead to fortune!

When he opened the cabin door he saw that Shep had come back. The dog rose from the beaten area before the door, a big-shouldered, magnificently built animal, and stood silent, looking into his face. Taylor spoke, but the dog made no reply: there was no friendliness in his attitude, no stirring of his body, no wagging of his tail. Taylor had a queer feeling for an instant as if he were facing some searching inquiry. . . .

With an effort he shook off the absurd notion, and set out on his day's search. Shep followed at a discreet distance, followed up the trail on Firetop, and down into the canyon, making no advance toward friendliness, but keeping always in sight.

Lin Taylor, after the first hour, paid the animal scant heed. He had other work on hand!

But he did not discover the vein that day, and though in the morning he had assured himself that he would, at sunset he told himself that he hadn't really expected to find it the first day. That would have been too absurdly easy. Tomorrow . . . ay, to-morrow!

He came down to his cabin, his mind preoccupied with the problem. He had been looking too far down the gash in the mountainside, he decided. Five hundred, a thousand, yards higher up—

Entering the cabin, he had left the door open, and disturbed by a sound behind him as he was kindling the fire he turned and saw that Shep had followed him in and was nosing at Harvey's bunk.

"Get out of here!" said Taylor sharply, making a movement toward the dog as he spoke.

Shep half turned and stiffened, bristling.

Taylor paused with an instinctive feeling that it would be better to let the animal alone, and went back to his stove, saying nothing more.

Shep, after deliberately "smelling out" the cabin, turned and stepped slowly over the threshold and lay down outside.

Taylor closed the door, making a mental note that he wouldn't leave it open again, and then prepared his supper. He did not see the dog again that evening, but once, when he wakened late in the night, he heard it howl in the distance.

In the morning he set out early again and climbed steadily up the Firetop trail to resume his search farther up the canyon. When he reached the treacherous place where Harvey had lost his life, moved by some obscure impulse, he leaned over and looked down from the precise spot where his victim had gone over. He saw the cairn . . . yes, and there was something on it! Shep! The dog had found at last its master's grave, and it lay stretched upon the boulders, perhaps sleeping.

BUT no, not sleeping! For, as the man looked down, the dog suddenly rose and looked up. Lin Taylor moved quickly back out of sight, compelled by a feeling that he scarcely understood. Fear? Absurd! What had he to fear from a dog? And yet, if he had had a gun with him . . . but he hadn't. He moved on.

When he returned from his second day's vain search for the lode he found the dog lying beside the cabin, and as he entered the door, glancing down, he no-





He rounded a sharp turn of the trail and suddenly faced Shep, his enemy, whom he had given up for that day.

ticed, lying between its paws, Harvey's prospecting pick. He recognized it at once by the thong of buckskin that Harvey had bound around the lower part of the handle, and he remembered that in burying Harvey he had taken the pick from the dead man's belt and dropped it beside the cairn and then had gone off, forgetting it. The dog, of course, had found it, scented its master, and brought it up. It was a good pick, too. . . . He stepped toward the animal and bent over.

Suddenly Shep rose and stood over the pick he had been nuzzling, stiff-legged, bristling, his teeth bared.

**T**AYLOR straightened up angrily. "Get out of here!" he shouted furiously. And at the same moment he let drive a kick.

The dog moved so that the blow was only a glancing one, then crouched and sprang.

It was Taylor's good fortune, unprepared as he was for the suddenness of the onslaught, to catch the dog's leap with a straight blow of both arms that flung the animal to the earth, snapping vainly as it rolled over and over. Before it could rise he had stooped and picked up a heavy piece of three-foot firewood. On the next leap the dog grazed his arm, but received in return a stunning blow from the club, and then, dazed, a second, still more deadly.

In a blaze of passion now, Taylor yet hesitated at actually killing the dog. . . .

He went into the cabin for his gun. The magazine was empty. He filled it; but the delay had cost him his victim.

The dog was gone. An incredible, almost miraculous recovery from the two blows on the skull! Far down the meadow, disappearing in a clump of trees, he saw it. He flung his gun to his shoulder and fired—once—twice. But in vain. Then in the flush of his anger he fired twice more at the spot where he had last seen it.

When his rage had somewhat cooled he thought of what might have happened if he had not found the piece of wood so ready to his hand, and a cold, sickly sensation permeated him. If he had not found the means for protection he would certainly have been cut to pieces by those slashing fangs. But this, he told himself, was a known danger and easily met. He had only to go armed hereafter, and at the first encounter—why, Shep would be a good dog and a dead one!

So in the morning as he set out he buckled his pistol holster to his belt and put in the belt a dozen extra cartridges. And for three days, as he searched the upper end of the stream from the snow fields of Firetop down to the first bend, and searched vainly, he watched for Shep as well. But he did not see him—unless a brown shadow, half imagined, slinking through the rocks of the canyon at a great distance was the dog. It might as easily have been a coyote, a cougar, or nothing at all. He thought with a sense of violent relief that perhaps his blows had been more deadly than he supposed, that the dog had lost itself in the forest to die.

But his relief ended that very night when, far and mournful, as he had first heard it, Shep took up his dirge once more upon his master's grave.

Well, if he kept that far away, Taylor said to himself, it was all right. And closing the door he got into his bunk and muffled his ears in the blankets, and drifted into a sound slumber that lasted until just before dawn. Then, in the dim cold grayness close by the cabin, there came a different note, a hoarse, menacing burst of sound that could not be ignored or shut out by door or bedclothing. With a start and an oath he got out of his bunk and caught up his automatic. From the windows he could see nothing. The dawn was yet thick and formless. He unbarred the door and emerged.

**A** FULL-THROATED cry to the right of the cabin announced that Shep had seen him; but he could not discern the dog, strain his eyes how he would. He fired at random in the direction in which he had heard the bark—a second time—then a third. But it was without result, he was well aware. There was no sound from the animal now, and yet he had a feeling that it had not left the vicinity. Three times he circled the cabin, revolver in hand, each time a little farther afield, but he did not see Shep. Finally, he returned to the cabin, angrily muttering to himself that he was a fool. There was no need for hunting the dog; sooner or later they would meet without hunting. Until that time it was folly indeed to waste his time and energy in such pre-dawn, mad activities!

Moreover, he needed all his energy for the search for the mother lode. If he

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## "TWEEDLES"

### A Comedy of Family Pride and Prejudice

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON



**B**OOTH TARKINGTON, abetted by Harry Leon Wilson, has written, in his new comedy, "Tweedles," produced in New York by Robert McLaughlin, what the critics agree is a not unworthy successor to "Clarence" and "Seventeen." In other words, it

has scored a Broadway success after having met with a lukewarm reception last season in Chicago where it was seen under the name of "Bristol Glass." As the New York *Sun and Globe* observes, when a play starts in Chicago and is not a sure fire hit its name is usually changed when it gravitates to New York. And the fact that this Tarkington-Wilson comedy was regarded somewhat askance in the Mid-West metropolis again proves that what may be a green persimmon to Chicago theatergoers may be a rare delicacy to New Yorkers.

"A rare delicacy" is a good description of "Tweedles." It is an unusual, original comedy, and it is so delicate and fragile that it hardly seems drama at all a large part of the time. One reason it seems so thin is, as the *Evening World* critic comments, that Gregory Kelly, who was a sort of American Peter Pan in "Seventeen," is only just beginning to grow up, as Julian Castlebury, in "Tweedles."

The play is characterized by Percy Hammond in the *Tribune*, as "a bright, new comedy which was not popular in Chicago"; by James Craig, in the *Evening Mail*, as "sufficiently diverting to keep the audience in a fairly satisfactory state of merriment," and by John Corbin, in the *Times*, as a "filmy love story, as attenuated as it is iridescent, and admirably acted."

The locale of the play is a New England summer resort where the natives flourish at the expense of the summer families whom they privately refer to as "dog fish." Winsora Tweedle (Ruth Gordon) is a waitress in her aunt's, Mrs. Albergone's (Patti Cor tez), tea room and antique shop in the old Tweedle manse. To the shop Julian, scion of the Philadelphia Castleburys, whose ancestor was a signer of the Declaration, finds his way and falls in love with the witching Winsora.

At first blush it is a scandal in the summer colony. But the Tweedles also have their ancient lineage, and in a scene in which the troubled parents confer the Pelion of Tweedle quite overtops the Castlebury Ossa.

Old Adam Tweedle (George Farren) is of Colonial and Revolutionary descent and, while he finds the summer residents profitable, they come like water into his Tweedles life, and like wind they go. It is then that the satiric idea dawns in the otherwise woolgathering intellect of young John Castlebury. All who harbor family pride are Tweedles. He himself is a Tweedle, and he doesn't like it.

Young Julian thinks that he is a connoisseur of Bristol glass and that his daily visits to the antique shop at tea time are solely for the purpose of gloating over the treasures he is buying there. In his profoundly serious contemplation, Winsora is at best a setting for his acquisitions. She, of course, knows otherwise, and their talk of Bristol glass is as full of poignant emotion as of humor.

The entire action of the play transpires in the combination antique shop

and tea room. It is a Saturday afternoon when the curtain rises. A widow, Mrs. Ricketts (Cornelia Otis Skinner), is discovered with Mrs. Albergone (Patti Cortez) and it appears that the former is "interested" in young Julian Castlebury and incidentally in some Bristol glass that he has purchased at the shop and has never ordered delivered. Presently Mrs. Albergone finds herself alone with Winsora and with Ambrose (Irving Mitchell) and Adam Tweedle (George Farren), who are carrying in a large plain old unvarnished writing-table.

TWEEDLE. Whyn' you want me to haul over them *other* tables you bought like this'n, Euphy?

MRS. ALBERGONE. Goin' to store the others in the barn. It looks better to have only one on sale at a time. They look more—rare. (*She examines the table.*)

TWEEDLE. (*Feeling the table here and there, squatting and looking it all over, as a workman who could make one like it.*) She's sound. A good many selectmen's sat at that table up at the Town House. He says you give four dollars apiece for these tables. I don't see where *you'll* find no market for 'em, Euphy.

AMBROSE. Bet she sells all four of 'em in ten days. (*He tinkers with a wall clock.*)

TWEEDLES (*In good faith.*) You goin' to tell customers it's kind of a historical table, bein's it's been in the Town House ever since 1887?

MRS. ALBERGONE. (*Thoughtfully.*) No— "Historical" don't *take* so well these last few years. I don't jest know what *would* be the best *name* to get for it. They don't *go* well, less'n you get a name for 'em. If it hadn't been for the name "gate-leg table" I bet you couldn't get anybody to have one in the house!

WINSORA. (*Rubbing the table with a cloth.*) There's one thing more important than names for antiques.

AMBROSE. Arguin' prices?

WINSORA. (*Rubbing.*) No. Letting people "*find*" antiques in the shop. You've got the antiques there—for sale—but if people don't get a chance to say they *found* 'em, they won't buy 'em. They want to say they *found* the shop, too—"I found this wonderful old thing in a little quaint old shop I found."

Julian Castlebury enters, as has been his daily custom, to examine a purchase of glass he had made from Winsora a month previously. She recalls how intensely he had "looked" at it. It is evident to all, except the girl, that Julian is in love with her.

JULIAN. Yes. I suppose a man doesn't look that way more than once in his life.

WINSORA. (*Gravely staring at him.*) No. I suppose he doesn't.

JULIAN. It could hardly be expected. A time like that couldn't be expected to keep on happening every now and then in a person's lifetime. Why, before we came up here this summer if anybody'd told me I was going to feel like *this*, I'd have thought he was crazy.

WINSORA. Feel the way you did when you first saw the glass, you mean.

JULIAN. Yes, but of course I mean the way I've felt all the time since. I mean the way I feel all the time since then. I don't seem to be myself. I don't know who else I seem to be, but I'm not myself.

After a lengthy conversation the girl exits and Castlebury, senior, enters in a perturbed state of mind. His agitation is caused by the daily visits of his son to the shop and his tête-à-têtes with Winsora Tweedle. The father has difficulty in making it plain to the son that the situation is scandalous.

JULIAN. Maybe I could make it easier for you. You went to wandering off the subject, talking about some *scandal*, or other, but you *started* to get excited when I told you I was here on account the Bristol glass. What made you get excited about that?

CASTLEBURY. My Lord!

JULIAN. Can't you remember, father?

CASTLEBURY. Don't *think* it!

JULIAN. Think what?

CASTLEBURY. Don't think what you're thinking!

JULIAN. I can't help it. I can't help thinking what I *am* thinking, can I? Why, *nobody* can help thinking whatever it is they're thinking. For instance—

CASTLEBURY. *You* can help thinking you're deceiving me! Not for an *instant*, my boy! You sit there and tell me you bought that silly old glass on its own account?

JULIAN. (*Quickly.*) It wasn't?

CASTLEBURY. (*Going on.*) You try to tell me you've been spending hours here every day for *weeks* on account of some glass?

JULIAN. (*Quickly.*) You think not? Not glass?

CASTLEBURY. And that you came here again to-day *twice*—on account of glass—

JULIAN. (*Louder.*) I didn't?

CASTLEBURY. And that you're hanging round here now for *tea*?

JULIAN. (*Excitedly.*) What *am* I hanging around for now, father?

CASTLEBURY. You're hanging around to see that *girl* in there, that country *waitress*, and now I know it as well as you do!

JULIAN. (*More and more excited.*) You do? You think it's—

CASTLEBURY. Yes, I do! I didn't believe it at first, but when I found you here now, I know it!

JULIAN. Father, as you say, you've always had more brains than I have: Are you sure I'm hanging around to see that girl?

CASTLEBURY. Yes, I *am* sure!

JULIAN. I wonder if you might be right.

CASTLEBURY. Now, are you coming home with me?

JULIAN. (*Incredulously.*) Now? (*Emphatically.*) Why, no, not now!

CASTLEBURY. You won't?

JULIAN. Why, I couldn't do it now!

CASTLEBURY. (*Controlling himself.*) When is it your intention to come home?

JULIAN. Why, after I find out if you're right.

In the second act, the following (Sunday) afternoon the entire Tweedle family are in session. There is a knock on the door and Julian enters. He asks Mr. Tweedle's consent to Winsora's taking a walk with him. Tweedle frowns upon such a thing and the young man is informed that his attentions to the girl are most undesirable. Eventually the young people are left alone together and Julian tries to express his adoration. He "feels terribly."

WINSORA. (*Demurely but gently.*) I'm so sorry, Mr. Castlebury.

JULIAN. I don't mean I'm sick.

WINSORA. Oh, didn't you.

JULIAN. No. I mean I feel terribly—

I feel terribly—I feel ter—well, I feel—I feel—

WINSORA. I'm afraid you feel upset about something.

JULIAN. No, it isn't that: I don't feel upset exactly. It's more like this: you see I've got something on my mind. That's why I want to tell you about it; because it's on my mind. Could you come out and take a walk with me, Winsora?

WINSORA. No. I can't.

Tweedle enters. Winsora moves aside as Julian tells her father that he has something important to say to him.

TWEEDLE. Yes. I guess you have. It's "Good-by," isn't it?

JULIAN. No, it's something important. It's probably the most important thing in any young man's life.

TWEEDLE. I ain't a young man.

JULIAN. No. I mean me. I don't know the way they usually say it when they see the girl's father, Mr. Tweedle, but I feel that I have something to say to you that is the most important thing in almost any young man's life. On that account I would like to tell you—to tell you what I would like to say—to any girl's father that—any father that—

TWEEDLE. What you *tryin'* to say?

JULIAN. Mr. Tweedle, Winsora is your own daughter. I've understood from the first that she—that she's your only daughter.

TWEEDLE. My Godfrey Mighty!

JULIAN. Well, sir. Well, since she is your daughter, I haven't ever had anything like this to say before to the father in a case like this—I mean not to the girl's father in a case like this—not like *this*, I mean—

WINSORA. Don't! Don't say any more!

TWEEDLE. No. Go on. I want to see what it's about now, if there's any way to find out!

JULIAN. I'll be perfectly plain. The question is simply this. There may be obstacles, so to speak, but I would like to have your permission, so to speak, Mr. Tweedle. For the first few weeks I thought it was something else, but it wasn't.

TWEEDLE. What wasn't *what*?

JULIAN. Why, it was your daughter. I thought it was this other thing but it wasn't—it wasn't at all—it was your daughter. It was your daughter all the time, terribly. So—so if you—that is if



she'd be willing, I would like to—to—m-marry her as soon as she'd be w-willing.

TWEEDLE. My Godfrey Mighty, are you proposin' to her right here before me?

JULIAN. (*Swallowing.*) Well, you came in just as I was, so I thought I'd better that is, yes, I am.

TWEEDLE. I never knew the beat of it. (*Stands open-mouthed.*)

WINSORA. Were you proposing to me?

JULIAN. Why, what did you think?

WINSORA. But what for? It isn't me you care about.

JULIAN. Isn't it?

WINSORA. It's only—why, it's only glass! All you ever liked about me is that I like the glass too.

JULIAN. Don't you believe me?

WINSORA. It's been the glass all the time; and now you say it's me! How could I believe in such a change?

JULIAN. You don't?

WINSORA. Why, of course not!

JULIAN. Well, I'll show you. (*He throws the padding out of the chest, seizes the latter and strides up stage.*)

WINSORA. What in the world—

TWEEDLE. That's right. You take your glass and go on home, young man.

JULIAN. (*Almost violently.*) I'll show you if it's glass that's the matter with me! You can't talk to me like that. (*He showers the glass out over the railing and hurls the box after it. Winsora utters a cry, protesting, runs over to stop him; it is too late.*)

The elder Castleburys arrive and begin to question Julian about the girl.

CASTLEBURY. Just how far has this absurdity gone?

JULIAN. (*Mildly inquiring.*) Has what gone?

CASTLEBURY. I mean definitely, in exact terms, just how deeply are you compromised?

JULIAN. Compromised? Well, of course, this is a time, father, when any young man ought to be frank with his friends and relatives so far as possible. At least, I've always heard so. I'd be glad to tell you what you want to know if you'd just explain yourself, father.

CASTLEBURY. Oh, me! We want to know what these people might try to hold you to!

JULIAN. (*Faintly surprised.*) Why, nothing.

CASTLEBURY. (*Wiping his brow.*) Well,

that would be an enormous relief, if it's so!

MRS. CASTLEBURY. (*Beginning to brighten.*) Oh, Julian, are you sure? You haven't committed yourself?

JULIAN. I haven't committed anything. CASTLEBURY. Well, thank heaven for that! Thank heaven!

JULIAN. When you came in I was just asking her father.

CASTLEBURY. What did you ask him?

JULIAN. Why, I was telling you. I asked his permission, father.

CASTLEBURY. Not to marry this—

JULIAN. (*Casually.*) Why, yes; that was what we were talking about.

Tweedle, who is a carpenter and general handy man in the community, enters and is addressed by Castlebury.

CASTLEBURY. I know you and your family must realize that although this is called a democratic country there are distinctions; we can't avoid the fact that rank does really exist after all; there is actually such a thing as aristocracy, and that the best of it rests on birth, that is to say on family.

TWEEDLE. (*With some emphasis.*) Yes, sir.

CASTLEBURY. You do realize it, then, Tweedle, as every one must. That there are social differences that can't possibly be overcome.

TWEEDLE. Yes, sir.

CASTLEBURY. Very well; since there are those actual differences in what we call family and station and position, isn't it plain that when any two people take perhaps a fancy to each other, the thing must be stopped at once unless those differences in what we call station and family are not extreme?

Tweedle presently interjects:

TWEEDLE. I want to thank you for pointin' out the main difference between them two young folks. Of course too much weight oughtn't to be put on family and station. I know it ought to be jest merit in the world that counts; but it ain't. Of course with some families marriage can't be a question like it is with plain John Smith!

CASTLEBURY. No. No, of course it can't, Tweedle.

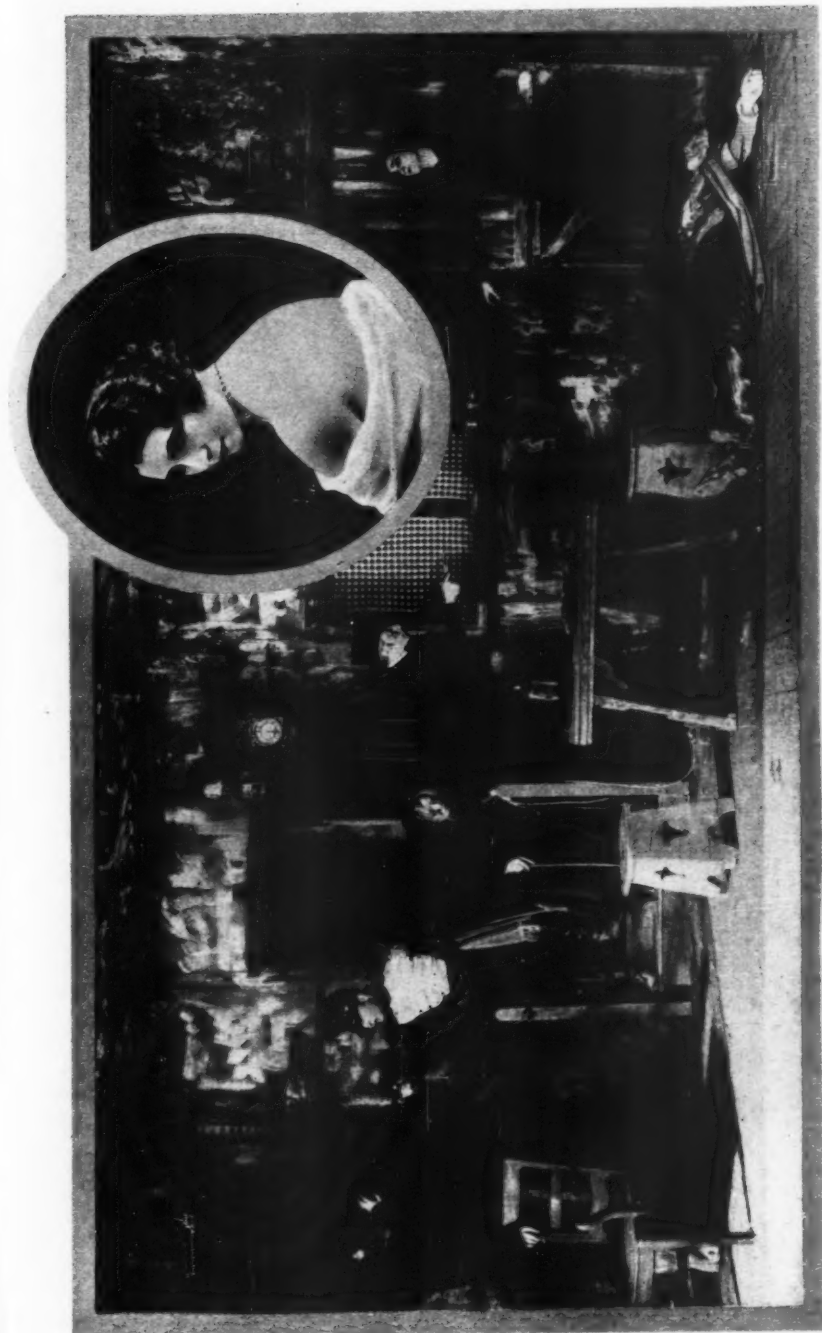
TWEEDLE. The summer people began  
(*Continued on page 457*)



IN "TWEEDLES" BOOTH TARKINGTON HOLDS THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE  
He and Harry Leon Wilson, as co-dramatists, are ably assisted by such actors as George  
Farren, Patti Cortez, Ruth Gordon, Gregory Kelly and Donald Meek.

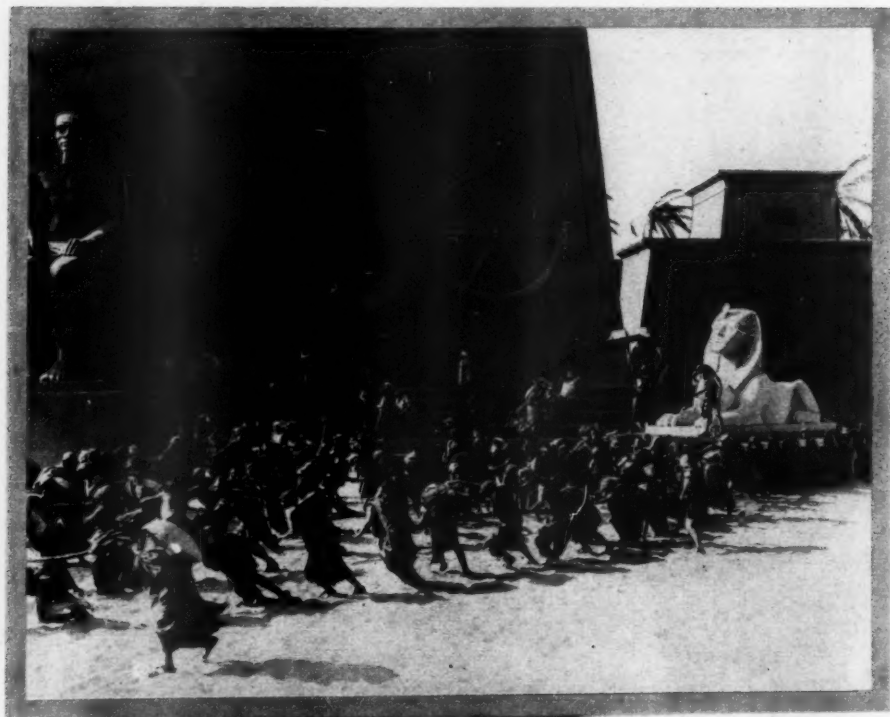


DONALD MEEK (BELOW) IS A RARE CONSTABLE IN "TWEEDLES"  
Sound acting is also done by George Farren as Adam Tweedle, Ruth Gordon as Winsora,  
Gregory Kelly as Julian and Patti Cortez as Mrs. Albergone.



THE GRAND GUIGNOL PLAYERS ARE COMING TO AMERICA

Their repertoire of French melodramas and comedies will include "Les Crucifiés," in which the above scene occurs. Mlle. Herman, a Guignol star, in the oval. Three to four plays will be produced nightly for ten weeks.



**"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS" SETS A NEW MARK IN MOVIELAND**  
Showing Theodore Roberts as Moses and the Children of Israel "groaning at the yoke"  
in a gigantic photo panorama directed by Cecil B. De Mille, for Fall release





© Wide World

**TWO REYNOLDS MASTERPIECES FOR AMERICA**

Half a million dollars are said to have been paid by a New York art dealer for Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Crosbie" and "Young Fortune-Teller."



Courtesy London Sphere

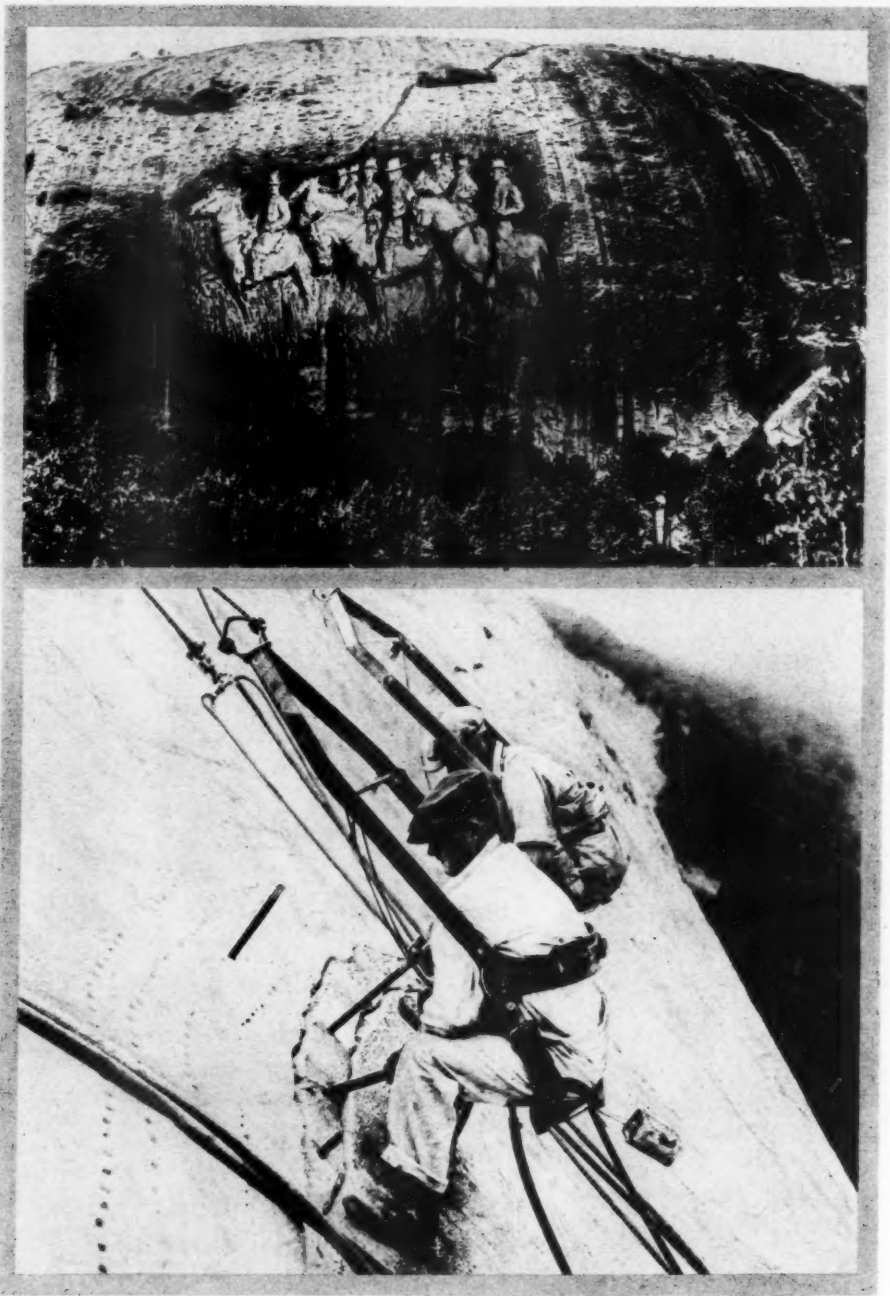
**STATUE OF LORD BYRON UNVEILED LAST MONTH AT ABERDEEN**

It was there, in Scotland, that the great poet first attended school and had his first love romance. It's the work of the King's Sculptor for Scotland, Pittendrigh Macgillivray.



A MASTER PAINTER OF SUNSHINE

The Spanish artist Sorolla, who died last month, is shown here with one of his greatest canvases, "Beaching In," now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.



© Publishers Photo Service

**ON STONE MOUNTAIN GUTZON BORGLUM IS CARVING SKY-SCRAPER FIGURES**

Work begins on the colossal Confederate memorial near Atlanta, Georgia. Gen. Lee's head and hat alone required 22,000 drill holes to outline. To cost \$5,000,000.

(Continued from page 448)

comin' here about twenty years ago and on the financial side they been useful; but they drift in and out; some buy their own cottage, but more come here new and rent, like you, and of course some turn out to be all right, but—

MRS. ALBERGONE. (*Interrupting.*) But there's a certain number o' fly-by-nights among 'em some summers.

TWEEDLE. Yes; they sprout up like mushrooms, and when you come right down to it, why you take the summer people and who in the world knows who they are? Why, nobody does! Nobody knows.

CASTLEBURY. (*A little foggy.*) Well, I—

TWEEDLE. And when you went on makin' it plain how you took things, so proper and sensible, I never was more surprised in my life!

CASTLEBURY. Well, that's very—

TWEEDLE. Yes, sir. I wouldn't expected it of a summer family.

MRS. ALBERGONE. (*Nodding to Castlebury approvingly.*) Most of 'em act like they never dreamed of it!

TWEEDLE. And of course we ain't the kind to go round explainin'. What I thank you most for; you knew it yourself and you saved me from the sin of boastfulness, Mr. Castlebury!

The Castleburys are flabbergasted. They depart, leaving Julian with Tweedle and his daughter. Julian realizes and says to them that he has been bearing about Tweedles all his life and that "you only know just a few of the Tweedles right around here, Mr. Tweedle."

The time of the third act is the next morning. Adam Tweedle and his sister are reviewing, with Winsora, the events of the day before. Winsora is astonished that they have not understood Julian:

WINSORA. Haven't you thought it out: what he meant when he said his own father and mother were Tweedles? Well, I don't think he'd understand they were himself until yesterday. They said he'd never been waked up: I think you waked him up, father!

TWEEDLE. (*Incredulous.*) You claim there was a sense in what he said?

WINSORA. Don't you understand what

he meant by every Tweedle looking down on every other Tweedle?

TWEEDLE. Do I look down on Euphy?

MRS. ALBERGONE. Do I look down on your father?

TWEEDLE. I never looked down on no Tweedle in my life! That's enough for me. I don't care what else they are or what they do, so long as they're a genuine Tweedle!

Philemon Tweedle (Donald Meek), the town marshal, enters carrying a wicker hamper filled with liquor which he has confiscated and sampled generously. He confidentially discloses some Tweedle family history to Julian:

PHILEMON. There's been some awful smart ones you don't hear about so much, but mebbe they was smarter than the others. F'r instance, old Roger Tweedle, Adam's own Uncle, Winsora's great-uncle, what you think he did?

JULIAN. (*Thoughtfully repeating*) "Ole Roger Tweedle?" I never hear—

PHILEMON. You bet you never heard! But it's just as good as the things they do talk so much about. He owned the land the Sea View Hotel is put on; made 'em pay for it twice.

JULIAN. (*Indifferently.*) Well, of course that's very interesting.

PHILEMON. Guess it was interesting to them parties when they found he'd kep' the water front out o' the title! (*Chuckling.*) He was an ole cutter, Roger was! "Ole Two Sale" they called him after that. Mighty good man he was, though.

JULIAN. You say this old Two Sale Tweedle was considered a good man?

PHILEMON. Sh' say he was! He made seven dollars on a bet once that he could recite the last chapter in the Bible backwards.

JULIAN. Backwards? What'd be the use?

PHILEMON. "Use?" Well, can you think of any piouiser way to make seven dollars? And ole Two Sale Tweedle's own brother William built a fine little house down at Shingle Cove out of a fortune that never cost him a cent of his own money.

JULIAN. (*Slightly more interest.*) He did? His brother?

PHILEMON. It took bravery! He had to take his boat out night after night in the worst weather, pullin' up lobster traps when any minute he might 'a' been shot



at by somebody sneakin' up on him! That takes Tweedle nerve. Why, the very biggest Tweedle in the *Revolutionary* times is one nobody'd ever tell you about. Old One-Eye Caspar Tweedle. He died rich in Canada, because he showed the way through the big dismal wilderness to the British and Indians when they was lookin' for a block-house the settlers had down here. His folks got money up there yet. They was only one of 'em in our whole breed that ever over-stepped.

JULIAN. You mean there was only one that did something really wrong?

PHILEMON. Why, an insurance company got after him 'count of his grist mill, and he couldn't seem to shake 'em off. 'Twan't a matter of more'n thirty-five hundred dollars; but them companies got a mighty dangerous influence with the courts. When he died, after he come home from where he was, the Reverend Keeler had to preach an awful tactful funeral sermon. Guess it was a good thing the Reverend Keeler was a connection o' the fam'ly himself.

JULIAN. Keeler? Reverend Keeler? He was a Tweedle, the Reverend Keeler?

PHILEMON. No! He was cousin Euphy's first husband. She was married to the Reverend Keeler eleven long, long years. She hardly shed a tear when he passed away. Guess she had enough of that kind o' life and was full and ready for somethin' more kind of *tempestuous*. Yes, sir; tempestuous. D'ju ever hear that word before? So she married Captain Albergone.

JULIAN. A captain, was he?

PHILEMON. Was he a captain? Look at him! (*Points to the portrait of Captain Albergone on the wall.*) Look at him! How could there be anybody more captain than that?

Later on Julian and Adam Tweedle are in heart-to-heart conversation about Winsora. Tweedle says that Julian's constant presence in the shop is causing "talk." Julian inquires sarcastically "if it isn't all because of what you claim the Tweedle family to be?"

TWEEDLE. Not what I *claim*, but what they *are*, and what they always have been! This family—

JULIAN. They have? Well, but what about—what about old Roger Tweedle, old Two-Sale Tweedle? Wasn't he your uncle, Mr. Tweedle?

TWEEDLE. (*Incredulously, quickly.*) Who?

JULIAN. Old Two-Sale Tweedle, your uncle, that cheated the Sea View Hotel Company, so that they had to pay him twice.

TWEEDLE. (*Hastily.*) 'Twasn't cheatin'. Legally they wasn't nothin' fraudulent.

JULIAN. Maybe not, any more than when he learned the Bible backwards to win bets on it.

TWEEDLE. (*Hotly.*) They never got anythin' on him before a court o' law!

JULIAN. Oh, yes; that reminds me!

TWEEDLE. What of?

JULIAN. Of the Tweedle that the court of law *did* do something to. The one that swindled the insurance company out of thirty-five hundred dollars by burning his mill—

TWEEDLE. (*Protesting.*) I never said we wa'n't human *bein's*, like the rest o' mankind.

JULIAN. Yes, but what about the biggest of all the Tweedles in Revolutionary times, old One-Eye Caspar Tweedle that had to live in Canada to keep from being hanged or something?

TWEEDLE. (*Hastily.*) Look here—

JULIAN. Didn't he show the way to the British and Indians through the big dismal wilderness? And take money for it?

Going on down the list, Julian almost talks the other out of being a Tweedle. In the end occurs the following passage between Julian and Winsora:

JULIAN. Winsora, I want to ask your father something.

WINSORA. What?

JULIAN. I want to ask him if we can't go for our first walk together.

TWEEDLE. No, you can't!

WINSORA. He says I can't. You made a mistake.

JULIAN. How?

WINSORA. You asked the wrong person. You've been asking the wrong person all the time.

JULIAN. Oh, I ought to ask your aunt?

WINSORA. No.

JULIAN. Well not— (*Meaning Philemon.*)

WINSORA. No.

JULIAN. Well *some* Tweedle, I suppose?

WINSORA. Yes.

JULIAN. Which one?

WINSORA. Me. (*And they go out together.*)

## THE JEW IN THE AMERICAN THEATER

OF the two thousand actors who have been engaged in the various legitimate productions in the New York theater during the past season, about two hundred have been Jews. The task of artistic direction has been in the hands of about twenty-five professional stage directors, of whom less than one-third are Jews. Of some sixty original American plays produced two dozen were written by Jews. The plays eventually produced were brought onto the stages of theaters considerably more than half of which are either owned or controlled by Jews. And when, after a New York run, these plays sought for booking on the road it was secured from organizations which were practically 100 per cent. Jew.

Asking if these figures give a faithful picture of the Jewish contribution to the American theater, Thomas H. Dickinson, writing in *The Nation*, answers positively that they do not.

In other words, the Jew is becoming, or has become, a dominant factor in the American theater, though in numerical representation he is in the minority, especially in the matter of acting. There still exists something of a prejudice against the Jewish actor, it is recorded, unless he is a comedian holding up the traits of his tribe to laughter. Nevertheless, "among the 10 per cent. of Jews, more or less, on the American stage, there are to be counted not only some of the absolute leaders in the art of the theater as judged by any standard; there are to be counted a large percentage of those self-forgotten artists who surrender all to an elevated standard, and those artists who in their race theaters cling year after year to a common but unremunerative art endeavor."

In playwriting the situation is more complicated. For "the Jewish playwright has entered much more fully into the current of the American theater than has the Jewish actor. He has made himself master of the ma-

chine-made, sure-fire play, tending thus to a certain standardization in play construction. But the record of the Jew as author is not fairly represented until we count those efforts in genuine high comedy and in innovating art styles which have recently honored the pens of Jewish playwrights, and also those plays written for the narrow stages of the Yiddish theaters which have in their genre provided some of the truest compositions for the American stage. In the arts of the actor and author no history of the American theater will be complete which does not include the names of Kalich and Warfield, of the Schildkrauts, of Gordin, Asch, Elmer Rice and Belasco."

As producing managers, the Jews are admitted to have a larger percentage of successes, that is, of paying and long-run pieces, than the Christian managers. In the repertory of the past season we find the following plays produced or sponsored by organizations entirely or largely controlled by Jews: "Kiki," "The Merchant of Venice," the plays of the Moscow Art Theater, the "Chauve Souris," "Whispering Wires," "R. U. R.," "Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple," "The Fool," "The Last Warning," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rain," "Secrets," "Icebound."

By Christian managers were produced: "Loyalties," "Hamlet," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," "The World We Live In," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Rivals," "Seventh Heaven," "Will Shakespeare."

In the opinion of this reviewer, "nothing in the recent American art of the theater has equalled for significance the contributions to production of Arthur Hopkins and the contribution to the gallery of American playwrights of the finished art of Eugene O'Neill, made by the Provincetown Players. Though Hopkins and the Provincetown Players have added luster to the history of the American stage they have not added institutions to the American stage. This the Jewish workers have done, not

once but many times, employing for the purpose artistic resources of no mean order, but by no means of that primary rank that elevates a work of genius above capable and sagacious labor."

We are reminded that although the Jewish metier leans to the commercial, the leading art theaters of the last ten years have been either quite controlled by Jews or have derived so much of their support from Jews as in effect to owe their existence to them. As cases in point are the New Theater, the Washington Square Players, the The-

ater Guild, the Yiddish Art Theater, and the Neighborhood Playhouse. All the more stable of these institutions were founded mainly by Jews, and all of them, by the conditions of their existence, practically deny profits. In short, "the history of the Jew in the new theatrical enterprises seems to display in him ample ability to work for an unselfish ideal combined with a very real vision of the ultimate order. His enterprises thus escape that wreckage that constitutes the last state of so many high flights."

## FRANCE INVADES AMERICA WITH THE RED HOSTS OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL

**A**N event comparable to the appearance in America of the players from the Moscow Art Theater will occur this month when the Selwyns transfer the Grand Guignol Players from the Théâtre du Grand Guignol, Paris, to the little Dresden Theater, in New York. The Grand Guignol organization is the most unique thing of its kind in the theater. It had its inception thirty-five years ago when Oscar Metenier conceived the idea of taking the public on excursions to unusual phases of life and emotion via the doors of a playhouse. One might go to all sorts of other museums, then why not to a dramatic museum? So was launched a project which was later to draw the social and artistic elite of two hemispheres to the little playhouse in Paris.

In order to alternate terror with laughter, Metenier's plan was the interspersing of distinctly Gallic comedy with dramas which should present the verities of life, its brutalities, its ardors, its violences, its beauties and enchantments, without discrimination. To accomplish this the first Grand Guignol bill—and all succeeding bills—have embraced two thrillers and a couple of facetious comedies.

The idea of including curious and bizarre phases of life and emotion in the

fare of the theater not only won the speedy appreciation of the foremost of the French writers, but inspired some of the greatest dramatic artists of Europe to hitch their stars to the Grand Guignol. The histories of these artists have since run parallel with the Théâtre du Grand Guignol. Among them are Leon Brizard and Paul Bernier, two players who have sent thrills up and down the spines of thousands of Americans visiting Paris during these many years. Also Defresne, than whom there is to-day "no greater character actor in Europe." All of them will be seen in New York with the complete Grand Guignol organization.

The ultra gruesome plays, however, will be eliminated from the bills planned for the ten weeks engagement in this country. This, we are assured, does not mean that the bills will be robbed of any of their originality and power, but it means a nice understanding on the part of the American managers of the refinement and good taste of the audiences to which the Grand Guignol Players will most appeal. The present plan is to present in America two comedies and two thrillers in a weekly change of bill. The company, scheduled to make its first appearance the middle of October, includes eighteen players, headed by Max, Paulette and Mlle. Maxa.

## THE LANDLOCKED FARMER ON THE RAMPAGE

EVERY ten years the American farmer goes on the warpath, with intent to wreck the political machinery of this country, according to William Allen White, in *Collier's Weekly*, and generally he does a thorough job. He has started on the rampage now. Nobody can tell just why, but he is mad all over, and several reforms will be forced upon Congress and the nation before he quits.

"Every ten years he runs amuck, starts movements that change our institutions, influence our public thought, modify our laws, and impose the psychology of the middle west upon the whole nation. He gave us railroad legislation. He demanded the tariff commission, insisted upon the trade commission, fought for the eight-hour day, and clamored for the pure-food law, did this Mid-Westerner."

A plate, continues Mr. White, usually cracks on the old crack. Historically the western Mississippi Basin is a seat of political trouble. Forty years ago and more the Greenbackers came from Iowa. The so-called "farmer railroad laws" originated in Iowa and Illinois. The Greenbackers recruited their ablest leaders from the very States which are to-day sending radicals to the United States Senate. Along came Populism, thirty years ago, and its leaders and all their voters came from the same Missouri Valley.

"Twenty years ago La Follette appeared in the Senate and started the insurgent movement. Again it was the Middle West that followed him. Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and the Dakotas furnished the force of that movement, and when Roosevelt captured it from La

Follette and we had the Progressive party, ten or a dozen years ago, its real leaders crusaded out of this same tall blue-stem grass which covers the Mississippi Basin. Even Missouri broke her hidebound Southern tradition and her mossback Republican moorings and joined the Progressives for a few months. And the battle ground for to-day's uprising is in the pastures of the Bull Moose."

Free rural America is in a state of revolt. The center of discontent, however, is in the upper Mississippi Valley and the basin of the Missouri. Minnesota elected a Farmer-Labor Senator last year, and this year sent another Farmer-Labor candidate, Magnus Johnson, to join Senator Shipstead. North Dakota has two Non-Partisan League Senators, and South Dakota contributes Senator Norbeck to the "cause." From Iowa comes Senator Brookhart, an affinity of La Follette's. Senators Norris and Howell, of Nebraska, are as free



Courtesy of The Country Gentleman  
LOOKING FOR THE SHORTEST WATER ROUTE



from the Republican caucus as La Follette. Finally from Kansas comes Senator Capper, official head of the rebellious farm bloc.

"These Mid-Western States are almost entirely rural. Industries thrive there, but they support only a fractional part of the population. Every town, whether it is merely a wide place in the road or a place of half a million, as are the twin cities of Minnesota, is dependent upon agriculture. The banks are full of notes which the farmer has promised to pay, and the banker is likely to be more class-conscious for agricultural prosperity than the farmer himself. The town merchant, whether he be wholesaler or retailer, who has to carry the farmer, or the farmer's creditor to supply the farmer with food and shelter and fuel and clothes—the town merchant is often a crusader in the farmer's cause."

So the revolt is of a homogeneous character. Even labor takes the agricultural color of its environment. The whole people are of one mind, and that mind, at the moment, is inflamed against the present state of affairs.

"We are in for another wave of progressivism or populism or greenbackery—or whatever you call it. In a few years the wave will subside. But before it subsides it will probably amend the Federal Constitution several times and modify our political thinking greatly. Thus our revolutions come in America, bloodless but full of genuine results."

The results, according to William Allen White, will probably be along the lines of marketing, financing, and transporting the farmer's products. These are the farmer's main problems. He won't organize into a gigantic trust to fix prices and arrange financing and haggle for cheaper transportation. He won't organize because that would seem like giving up some of his sacred American freedom of action. He is too much of an individualist for that. But he will vote his wrongs with enthusiasm, and in the long run his voting gets results. He intends to get results through the ballot-box next year.

As a solution for some of the farmer's transportation problems, Hugh J. Hughes, in *The Country Gentleman*, proposes water transportation instead of railroads. Water transportation costs on an average just one-tenth of rail transportation. Judged by the cost it is as far from New York to Buffalo as it is from New York to Liverpool—the world's wheat market.

There are four all-water, or nearly-all-water routes, from the landlocked center of our continent to the hungry markets of Europe. With enthusiasm this writer refers the reader to the map or the household globe, or if no globe is available, "take an apple or an orange or mother's ball of yarn.

"The blow end of the apple is the North Pole. Good! Now stick a pin half way from the middle up toward the North Pole. That's Liverpool. Give your apple a quarter turn to the right. Stick another pin half way up from the Equator toward the Pole. That's North Dakota. That's the center of the American-Canadian wheat belt. Now take a string and draw it between these two pins, the shortest distance. It doesn't follow an east-and-west line. It curves up toward the North Pole and then downward in a southwesterly direction.

"On your globe you'll be surprised to observe that it hits Greenland and comes down across Hudson Bay. That's absolutely the shortest distance between Western Europe and the heart of America. Call that Number One."

Number Two is a string drawn from New York to Liverpool, hugging our coast for a thousand miles up past the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Number Three runs from Key West, Florida, up the coast and joins the New York string on the way to Liverpool. Number Four runs from Kansas City straight up the St. Lawrence and out to Liverpool.

Not to slight any of the water highways, Mr. Hughes calls upon us to use the Mississippi River, the Ohio, and the Hudson (with its Erie Canal to the Great Lakes). But most of all he wants the "four great highways of the sea put to use."



## EUROPE BEING HARROWED FOR A NEW WORLD WAR

"**W**ARS," J. Ramsay Macdonald, British Member of Parliament, solemnly warns the world, in the London *Daily Herald*, "are begun years before they are proclaimed." Even to-day the stage is quietly, slowly being set for the next great world conflict, he declares, while the attention of the peoples is distracted by other matters.

While Mr. Macdonald represents the Labor and Socialist point of view, he is not generally regarded as an extremist, and many of the members of the Labor Party, which he leads in the British House of Commons, find him far too conservative for their taste. His utterances reflect a phase of public opinion in England and on the Continent of Europe:

"At this moment Europe is being plowed and harrowed for another world war. Within a few years the flocks will be gathered, each under its own shepherd; the shepherds will have made their agreements with each other. Then some dog will bark, and there will be a stampede. Another great war will be fought, new powers will emerge from it and maybe some fallen Humpty-Dumpty will be set up on the wall again; without much pause the same process will begin anew.

"If the peoples of Great Britain and of France do not resolve to put an end now the military nonsense, do not exorcise from their minds the passions of petty rivalry, and put in their places sentiments of justice and good-will, they are writing ultimatums that will be slow in execution, perhaps, but that will be as certain in the end as that which Austria sent to Serbia nine years ago.

"Let nothing blind us to the real things that are happening. France and Great Britain are drifting apart. It is not only that we are in disagreement about the Ruhr; we are growing into disagreement about ourselves. The feeling between us is in some respects more strained than that between Germany and its neighbors in 1913. General enmity is rising up.

"The immediate cause of our differences

appears to be the Ruhr, security for France, reparations. Standing alone, none of these is sufficient to explain existing hostilities. I find less and less interest in France about security. France is not troubling about its debts to us, and it has given up hoping to force Germany to find the means of balancing the French budget. France is angry with us about the Ruhr, but not to such an extent as to put us down as potential enemies.

"What, then, is the reason for alarm?

"It is a general difference in policy and temperament which, beginning with a few politicians, is magnified by a propagandist press until the peoples take up the quarrel and make the difference their own. It is also the fatal consequence of a development of armed force, first for defensive purposes—or alleged defensive purposes—then for attacking or expansion purposes. Thus the will to dominate is born. To be master on land or sea or in the air becomes the only condition and guarantee of safety.

"France has already made alliances, and much of what is said here about the United States arises from a vague feeling that in the next world conflict it ought to be with us from the very first day. France pursues its bitter policy to crush Germany, not really because it is afraid that Germany may pick a quarrel and invade it, but because it wishes no possible rival to its policy to dominate the European continent.

"We are beginning to have our very old feeling that Europe without two strong powers not in alliance may be a very awkward place for us to be in. France is spending, very prodigally for a state in its financial position, upon an air force; when we have visions of that force upon the wing, somehow or other we cannot help imagining a flight to the Northwest as well as to the Northeast.

"And while we are busy creating explosive psychology, problems in the Northeast, in the Balkans, in Northern Africa keep the matches burning to throw into the gunpowder magazines.

"Was ominous writing on a wall ever more plain than the events and the tempers of to-day? Are those who read it taking any steps to safeguard themselves?"

## WHEN IS DIVORCE JUSTIFIABLE?

**T**HE time for divorce is when a marriage has ceased to be real.

So A. Maude Royden, associate preacher of the City Temple, London, declares in a new contribution to the discussion of divorce published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her article is exceptionally penetrating, and is given timeliness by the fact that Lord Buckmaster's bill for increasing facilities for divorce, introduced into the House of Lords, is expected soon to become the law of the land.

The argument of the entire paper turns, of course, on the word "real." It is a word that admits of great latitude in interpretation. Miss Royden appeals, in the main, to common sense, but keeps in mind the Biblical passages to which the opponents of divorce are wont to appeal.

We are told, she remarks, that Jesus Christ taught that marriage is of its nature indissoluble; we have never been told what he meant by marriage, or in what it truly consists. Yet here is a vital matter, and one that easily leads to disagreements. "Those who hold, for example, that divorce may be allowed, however reluctantly, for adultery and for adultery only, because adultery destroys the very essence and character of marriage, appear to over-emphasize the physical element in marriage, to an extent which to others seems to degrade it to the level of animal mating rather than human marriage."

Miss Royden goes on to quote from a speech made by Lord Birkenhead in the House of Lords in a debate on the Matrimonial Clauses Bill in 1920:

"The ecclesiastical case has been adopted under the influence of an almost unconscious opportunism—the case, namely, that, although marriage is not otherwise dissoluble, it may nevertheless be dissolved in cases where adultery has been committed. I, my Lords, can only express my amazement that men of experience, men of affairs, men whose experience and opinions we respect, should have concen-

trated upon adultery as the one circumstance which ought to afford relief from the marriage tie. . . .

"This question is fundamental, and I invite your Lordships to consider it with the greatest earnestness. It seems to me that there can be no doubt as to which is the higher and more important side of marriage. If we think of all that marriage represents to most of us—the memories of the world's adventure faced together in youth so heedlessly, and yet so confidently; the tender comradeship, the sweet association of parenthood—how much more these count than the bond which nature, in its ingenious teleology, has contrived to secure, and render agreeable, the perpetuation of the species.

"I do not know whether one of your Lordships would be bold enough to say that the physical side of marriage is the highest, I greatly doubt it. . . . And yet, be this observed, that those who oppose this bill must say that, and for this reason, that, if they say that the physical side of marriage is not the highest, they are committed to this monstrous and mediæval paradox, that they assent to divorce for a breach of the less important obligations, and they deny divorce for a breach of the more important obligations of marriage."

Such an argument, Miss Royden contends, is hard to meet. It can be met, if at all, she asserts, only by a very clear definition of what true marriage is "in the mind of God," or "in the nature of things"; and this definition has been far to seek. We may grant that those whom God has joined together man must by no means put asunder. But whom has He joined together, and by what sign shall they be known? Miss Royden proceeds to answer her own question:

"What we Christians have to do is to create and uphold such an ideal of marriage as Christ would recognize as 'made by God,' to which the very idea of separation would be abhorrent.

"It would involve absolute fidelity—to the ideal before marriage, to the person after marriage. It should, being a spiritual union, be permanent, and, being physical, be sacramental. It should be the

outward and visible sign of the grace of a spiritual union. No one should dare to marry unless he truly believes that his love is for life, and is prepared to accept the responsibility for such a love. He should know that body, soul and spirit all go to a perfect union, and should regard the physical as the sacrament of the spiritual love. Sacramental in that it not only expresses but actually conveys and intensifies love; sacramental also in that it must ultimately cease to be (since in Heaven we need no sacraments), not because something is lost but because it is transcended. He should realize that passion, glorious and essential as it is, must inevitably pass at last, and should not confound its passing with the passing of love, but realize that love is something greater and deeper still."

If the presence of love is, as Miss Royden claims, what makes marriage real, then its absence is what makes divorce justifiable. She has known women "married" to men only to be at once infected with a disease of whose very existence they were ignorant; men and women "married" in a state of intoxication; "married" for any kind of reason—wealth, position, safety and so forth; and she insists that to speak of such unions as "marriages" in any real sense is to desecrate the term.

Miss Royden's proposal, then, is that a marriage should be declared legally dissolved *when it has actually ceased to be a real marriage*. If the objection be raised that no judge can be expected to pass on the fine points involved in "real" and "unreal" marriages, Miss Royden replies: "Certainly such an issue is not an easy one to decide; yet it is decided every day when a 'legal separation' is granted." She goes on to cite an opinion of Lord Buckmaster on this very point:

"In no case that I tried did there appear to me to be the faintest chance of reconciliation: the marriage tie had been broken beyond repair, and its sanctity utterly defiled; nor, again, though I watched with extreme vigilance, was there any single case where collusion could be suggested. With regard to cruelty, there was no case which a competent lawyer, skilled in knowledge of witnesses, could not have tried.

"I was, of course, faced with the question as to what is cruelty, which, we are informed, is so difficult that you want the King's Proctor as an expert in cruelty to keep the law steady. I made my own rules. If a man who was sober kicked his wife in the stomach when she was pregnant, that seemed to me enough; if she were not pregnant, and he was drunk, he might have to do it again, or else her complaint might be due to what the most persistent opponent of my bill called 'nervous irritation.' So, also, with kicking her downstairs, or making her sleep on the doormat in winter—all of which cases I had to consider."

Already, lawyers and judges have to consider and interpret the facts advanced in the claiming of a legal separation. Miss Royden would carry the process a step further by applying it to the still more serious matter of divorce. She suggests that a case should not be decided by one judge only, but by three at least, and that both sexes should be represented on the bench. She also suggests:

"If the decision goes against the divorce, the matter should remain in suspense for a period of years, the length of the period to be decided by the law of the land, in accordance with the best possible expert opinion. But I hold that if, at the end of such period as the law decides, the married partners remain immovably and reasonably convinced that their marriage is not valid or 'real,' the Court should not have power to refuse divorce. If, however, only one of the partners should desire it, the decision should then be with the Court."

Will such a system raise or lower our ideals of marriage? Miss Royden answers: "I maintain most strongly that it will raise it. However we may camouflage it, the present position is that marriage consists in a legal contract, followed by sexual intercourse; and it is maintained that this is 'marriage,' even though not one single respectable element of true marriage remains. By what amazing sophistry is it claimed that this is to uphold a high ideal of 'marriage'? It is, on the contrary, to degrade it. It is as immoral as it is dishonest."

## THE PUEBLO INDIANS' PROBLEMS FROM THE GOVERNMENT'S POINT OF VIEW

**A**S children we have all played the game of "Russian Scandal," in which a remark, passed down the line from one player to another, suffers such change that the final version usually bears little relation to the earlier stages. Some such game of "Indian Scandal" seems to have been going on in the public prints during the past months, in connection with Pueblo land title legislation. —The original opposition of the Indian Welfare Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to the Bursum bill—Senate Bill No. 3855—arose from the feeling that an informal commission could handle the legal matters involved better than could the United States courts.

From this simple difference grew the huge volume of publicity and propaganda, criticism and denunciation, that has been filling the newspapers and magazines these months past. Well-meaning but ill-informed friends of the Indian have added their statements and charges until the original intent is quite obscured. The demand of the *Sunset Magazine* for the resignation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and his First Assistant, the accusations in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of the "ignorance and inefficiency" of the Indian Bureau, "the most autocratic bureau in Washington," the statement of the *Freeman* that "the record of our Government in Indian affairs is unfortunately such as to make any treachery seem possible"—such sweeping condemnations indicate a spirit and temper far different from that with which the agitation began last winter, when Mrs. Stella Atwood, chairman of the Indian Welfare Committee, wrote in an article appearing in the *Survey*: "There is no doubt that the attitude of the Indian Office to-day is good. There is a disposition to consider carefully the many complicated problems which continually arise in Indian affairs. The result can not fail

to be profoundly helpful to the Indians."

The author of the article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Charles A. Selden, makes the statement: "The Indian Bureau is still operating on the old assumption of the plains that the only good Indian is the dead Indian, and that the only justification for keeping any Indians alive is that they furnish the excuse for continuing the six thousand jobs of the most autocratic bureau in Washington at an annual cost to the people of thirteen million dollars."

This is an excellent example of the use of truth in such a way as to give a most misleading impression. Only about two hundred and fifty of the six thousand jobs are in Washington. Teachers, physicians, nurses, matrons, farmers, mechanics and clerks are stationed at hundreds of different places in Indian country to meet the needs of the wards of the Government. And of these six thousand employees no fewer than two thousand are themselves of Indian blood. Of the millions annually appropriated in the Indian bill, more than five are expended to bring the benefits of education to some sixty-five thousand Indian children, partly by payment of tuition for them in public schools, partly by boarding-schools in which they receive support and clothing in addition to instruction. This is a peculiar way to advance the theory that the only good Indian is a dead one. The issuance of rations to many Indians, the maintenance of seventy-eight hospitals and sanatoria, the guarding of the vast oil holdings of a number of the tribes, the leasing of allotted lands for their Indian owners—these are features which help to increase appropriations and to justify a description of the Indian Bureau as the most paternalistic rather than the most autocratic branch of the Government service.





Photo by George Steele Seymour

THE KIND OF INDIAN TERRITORY THAT IS IN DISPUTE

The United States Mountains of Central New Mexico stand guard over the Pueblo of Taos, relic of a community life that was old when Columbus discovered America.

One of the high points of the scandal game came with the hearings on the Bursum bill. Representatives of all imaginable interests came to Washington. The spectacle of a group of peaceful Pueblo Indians, decked out in Sioux war-bonnets and wrapped in gay machine-made and store-purchased Mexican blankets, added to the color of the scene and to the surprise of discriminating onlookers. "That was all that was necessary," says Mr. Selden. "The bill died from the exposure of its own iniquity."

That the substitute bill prepared on behalf of the women who, according to his account, "saved the pueblos," perished at the same time by the exposure of its own inadequacy, is a point he fails to mention. Nor does he touch upon the fact that the need for remedial legislation is as pressing as ever and must be an immediate demand upon the next session of Congress. The questions of jurisdiction and authority remain in the same unsettled state as before.

And especially does he fail to note

or to comment upon the vigorous language used by Congressman Snyder, chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, in his official report of the conclusions reached by the committee:

"The large amount of propaganda that has flooded the mails, newspapers and magazines can not be passed without comment. This propaganda has been insidious, untruthful and malicious and will result in great harm to the Indian if it is permitted to be continued. . . . The hearings before this committee have demonstrated that these criticisms are without foundation. Some of those who are responsible for the propaganda have themselves appeared before the committee as witnesses, and their testimony discloses that false and slanderous statements against the executive officers of our Government were without foundation or justification and not a single charge contained in some of the most sensational statements, which were a part of the propaganda, was sustained by any competent evidence before your committee. Those responsible for this propaganda deserve the strongest condemnation from all fair-minded people."



## GOETHE EXTOLLED AS THE GREATEST THINKER WHO EVER LIVED

**T**HAT Goethe is probably the chief illustration in history of the combination of poet and scientific inquirer, rivaling Aristotle in range and Leonardo da Vinci in versatility, is the contention of the distinguished author and publicist, Lord Haldane, former British Minister of War. Lord Haldane has made this characterization in a presidential address delivered before the English Goethe Society and featured as the leading article of a recent issue of the *Contemporary Review*. He supports it in a series of closely reasoned arguments which constitute a real contribution to our knowledge of Goethe.

It seems that Goethe once said that the three men who had influenced him most were Shakespeare, Spinoza and Linnæus. The saying is pregnant. There is much of the poetic spirit, in the Shakespearean sense, in "Faust," and Goethe warned his admirers against looking for abstract truths in passages which were intended primarily to convey lively impressions. There is much of Spinoza's pantheism in Goethe's religion. And the naturalistic spirit which Linnæus embodied was the basis of Goethe's oft-repeated conviction that art needs science just as much as science needs art.

Lord Haldane declares that Goethe had little inclination for systematic metaphysical doctrine. He takes no stock in Goethe's alleged color-discoveries. He finds Goethe's real greatness in "his power of interpreting as an entirety the universe within which his life was cast." In this domain he may have been "the greatest thinker the world has known."

The widespread impression that Goethe was a thoroughgoing pantheist is corrected by Lord Haldane. It is true that Goethe followed Spinoza in seeing everywhere an immanent God, "one infinite substance," to use the term which Spinoza applies, underlying

knowledge and nature alike. But he could not reconcile himself to the little room which Spinoza leaves for individuality. This difficulty led him to turn by degrees to Leibniz, and to speak, with Leibniz, of personality in terms of monad and entelechy. The word "monad" signifies an indestructible unit. The word "entelechy," first used by Aristotle, involves the idea of an end or perfection of formative energy. Such a monad or entelechy was no thing disappearing in the All, but a form self-contained and capable of being immortal.

The results of Lord Haldane's study of Goethe as a thinker are summed up as follows:

"What was with him the cardinal principle was that in interpreting the universal to ourselves and others we must put at the foundation what is concrete and individual. It is not by establishing abstract principles and then proceeding deductively that we can gain real knowledge. Nor shall we gain it if we look first in our experience only for what is particular and transitory. For we find there, confronting us everywhere, the ultimate reality; the divine activity, the substance in Spinoza's sense, as the basis of not only all knowledge but of every detail in our human experience. If such a creed were labeled as a system, which by Goethe it never was, we should call it objective idealism. But although for Goethe God was immanent, he had been warned by Spinoza and Schelling from conceiving Him in the likeness of man. It was enough to find and feel that He was present everywhere, and Goethe refused to try to define Him. . . .

"This belief in the omnipresence of God had a profound influence on Goethe's outlook and method. Not only did it make him content to turn to concrete details as the foundation of knowledge, to the 'flower in the crannied wall,' but it taught him to look everywhere for the explanation of phenomena by laws deriving their character from divine reason of this absolute kind, and not from teleological adaptations *ab extra* of a mechanical nature. So far as he allowed for final causes these lay in

the rational nature of reality as he conceived it. It was in this way that truth was ever breaking through, and that externality and static indifference were everywhere exhibiting themselves as overcome in phenomena. Activity and development as a rational system was the order of things. . . .

"For Goethe keen insight into facts came first of all. Without the vivid form into which imagination translates its picture of the object the artist could not succeed. But for exactness in interpreting the picture the artist required the aid of the exactness in observation which science brought.

"He was no mystic. But his insistence

on the mind of the observer as being in its inner nature a monad or entelechy, the principle which he had found in Leibniz as the completion of that of Spinoza, saved him from yielding to what is usually meant by pantheism.

"It was this combination of standpoints, in art and in philosophy alike, that distinguishes Goethe from other great writers. No one has excelled as he has at once in lyric poetry and in fashioning a worked-out philosophy of life. He was a man and not a god, but his human stature was such as to give him a view of life perhaps wider than that of any who have lived before or after him. In that his lesson to us still remains to-day where it did."

## DR. MEIKLEJOHN'S APOLOGIA

**A** HUMAN document of extraordinary interest and timeliness has been featured as the leading article of a late issue of the *Century Magazine*. It is entitled "To Whom Are We Responsible? A Memorandum on the Freedom of Teachers" and is written by Alexander Meiklejohn, whose recent resignation as President of Amherst College had something of the effect of a bombshell in the educational world. The article may well be interpreted as an apologia for the course that he followed.

Dr. Meiklejohn states his position in a series of questions and answers reprinted here in condensed form:

"Are we responsible to our students? Clearly we are not. We are responsible for our students but not to them.

"Are we responsible to the parents of our students? Here again the answer is negative, but not so clearly.

"Are we responsible to the public? No, most emphatically. We are responsible in the interest of the public, but we are not submissive to its judgment concerning its own interests.

"Are we responsible to donors? Surely not.

"Are we responsible to our alumni? No. Rather are they responsible to us.

"Are we responsible to the church? Taking higher education in the large, the church is perhaps our greatest benefactor. Are we therefore responsible to it? It is

one of the chief glories of the church that we are not.

"Are we responsible to trustees? Legally we are; in more essential ways we are not. If it should happen, as sometimes it has happened, that scholars are summoned before boards of trustees to give an account of their study and teaching, then the time for revolt would have come. 'We' are not in that sense responsible to the trustees.

"But are we not responsible to the state? It gives us legal being and authority. May it, then, judge our work? Certainly not in any except a very narrow sense."

Least of all, Dr. Meiklejohn claims, can a teacher answer that he is responsible to himself alone, since responsibility implies an external relation, and, in the ordinary use of terms, a man cannot be responsible to himself.

The argument reaches its culmination in this passage:

"There are, I think, two relationships in which the scholar feels and acknowledges responsibility. The first and lesser of these is the relation to other teachers and scholars, to other seekers after the truth. The second and greater responsibility is that which 'we' feel and acknowledge toward the truth itself. In these two, so far as an answer to our question is possible at all, the answer will, I think, be found."

This position makes a strong appeal by reason of its crystalline idealism. On

paper it looks all right; but can it be worked out in the hurly-burly of life? There are some who say yes and some who say no. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, representing the negative view, comments:

"Clearly Dr. Meiklejohn's view will never be accepted by parents, by donors, by trustees. Ought it to be accepted? We believe not. It would clearly wipe out the responsibility of parents, which is vital;

the responsibility of donors, which is not to be contested; the responsibility of trustees, which is axiomatic if they are trustees.

"College presidents come. College presidents go. The alma mater lives on. Her identity is complex—physical in the plant, mental in the training of minds, spiritual in the development of character. No one man, salaried or unsalaried, can make a college or a university."

## IS LAZINESS A VIRTUE?

"IF we were all lazy and only worked under the spur of hunger, our whole society would be much happier." So Bertrand Russell, one of the most gifted of living philosophers, has declared in an article in the New York *Dial*. Mr. Russell lately returned from a visit to the Orient. He was thinking, when he made the statement quoted, of Chinese leisure as compared with our Western bustle and hurry. He would like, he says, to make the hours of industrial labor as short as is compatible with the production of necessities, and to leave the remaining hours of the day entirely untrammelled. "Four hours' boredom a day is a thing which most people could endure; and this is probably about what would be required."

Almost coincidentally with the publication of this article, Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard of Schenectady, New York, was being quoted in the newspapers as predicting a four-hour work-day. Dr. Steinmetz believes that, by 2023, the main problems of social life will have been so successfully met that men will no longer be bound to long, back-breaking drudgery. "When I say," he explains, "that the workers will work but four hours a day, I do not mean that they will be idle non-producers the balance of the time. Leisure will be occupied in productive diversions satisfying the particular instincts of the individual. We will be more collectivistic in the operation of our essential productive life and individualistic in the pursuit

of personal happiness and contentment."

The issue raised by Bertrand Russell and Dr. Steinmetz has its comic aspects. We find, for instance, the columnist, Heywood Broun, conducting, in the New York *World*, "a drive in favor of laziness, the most unappreciated of all the virtues." Mr. Broun has no doubt of his ability to use all the leisure that is granted to him, and most of the contributors to his column take the same attitude.

There is also, however, the serious question involved: May not a too ample leisure prove a curse, as well as too much work? "If a twelve-hour day," the New York *World* asserts, "is indefensible, a four-hour day contains possibilities of idleness which require to be carefully appraised before they can be accepted as beneficial." The same paper goes on to comment:

"Mankind has recently made astonishing progress in utilizing leisure, and the inventional aids to industry which hold out the prospect of a four-hour work-day may be counted on to provide new facilities for putting spare time to profit. Occupations which now are irksome may then, under the magic of electricity, be transformed into recreation. But given, say, a plasterer who after his four hours of toil seeks to find a congenial way of passing the twelve hours left to be disposed of after work and sleep, will baseball and the movies and jazz music suffice for the purpose?"

"It is apparent that the whole present scheme of leisure will have to be rearranged and amplified. It exists on the basis of an eight-hour day, and is adapted

to the needs of a generation which has more time for play than any which preceded it.

"To meet the requirements of a generation to come, with its work-day halved and its play-time doubled, will necessitate the invention of new forms of recreation to occupy the leisure of the multitudes who have no taste for study and for self-improvement, if it is not to continue to pall upon them."

It is human to dislike work, the *Minneapolis Journal* observes, but "most men will not agree with Bertrand Russell that work is pernicious. . . . We struggle here. There is no alternative. The sentimentalists think it a shame. The moralists believe, and the rest of us suspect, that the necessity is, on the whole, salutary, that it has raised us from animals, that it keeps us men."

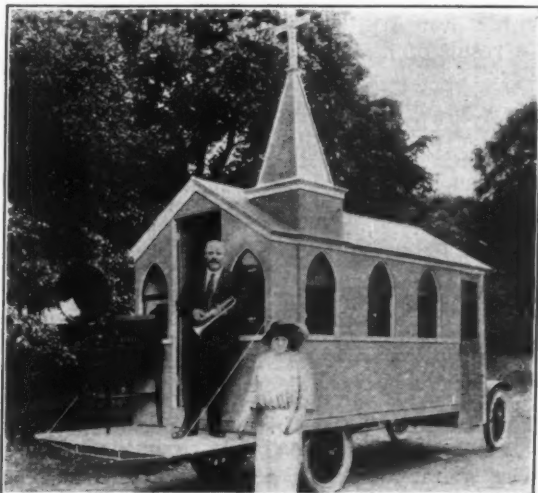
## RADIO, THE HOPE AND DESPAIR OF CLERGYMEN

LIKE every important innovation, radio exerts an influence which is hard to estimate. We may think that the broadcasting of sermons and of church services is a benefit to religion, but church leaders are divided on the subject and sometimes speak of radio as a hindrance rather than a help. Here is Bishop Coadjutor Stearly, for instance, of Newark, New Jersey, declaring that there seems to have entered into our crowded and throbbing life another ally of those forces which make more difficult the assembling of the faithful for praise and prayer.

"The habit of churchgoing," he says, "has a hard time in the face of Sunday excursions, movies, sacred concerts, automobiling and broadcasting." Here is Cardinal Dubois, in Paris, warning the faithful that the radio cannot convert sinners and that people must come to church.

Neither Bishop Stearly nor Cardinal Dubois, however, could have any objection to the use of radio in missionary work. There has lately appeared in the city of Boston a "little radio church on wheels." It is mounted on an auto chassis, but is really unique because constructed to resemble a church building with a cross on the steeple which lights up at night. The

radio outfit and loud speaker can be seen on the platform and is used to entertain audiences, often as large as 2,000 persons, with musical selections and speeches. The speaking is done from the rear platform, a great deal of it by William H. Morgan, a lay preacher and painter by trade, who is aided by his wife. The church is driven through the streets of the city, stopping at prominent business and residential locations for its program of "Open Air Evangelism." The inside of the structure is used only for personal interviews.



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WINNING CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY BY MEANS OF RADIO

This first radio "church on wheels" may often be seen in the streets of Boston.



## WHAT VIVISECTION IS HUMANELY ACCOMPLISHING

**O**PPONENTS of medical research who, in the name of humanity, seek to abolish vivisection, seem to ignore the fact that they are striking at a practice which is fundamentally humane. One "vivisector" working in his laboratory will, declares Ernest H. Baynes, in the *World's Work*, prevent more suffering to animals "than all the officers in all the animal rescue leagues in the United States put together" and, strong as this statement appears, he proceeds to prove it an understatement of the facts.

Reminding us that Pasteur, father of the modern scientific method of dealing with disease in animals, by first successfully vaccinating sheep against anthrax, a disease which was devastating the flocks and herds of France and also causing great loss of human life, saved to French stock-raisers more than paid the Prussian War indemnity, the writer cites the following table prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture in 1915. It shows the annual money loss sustained by this country over a period of thirty years as a result of disease in domestic animals:

Hog Cholera .....	\$75,000,000
Texas Fever .....	40,000,000
Tuberculosis .....	25,000,000
Contagious Abortion .....	20,000,000
Blackleg .....	6,000,000
Anthrax .....	1,500,000
Scabies of Sheep and Cattle ..	4,600,000
Glanders .....	5,000,000
Other live stock diseases .....	22,000,000
Parasites (trichina and others)	5,000,000
Poultry diseases .....	8,750,000

\$212,850,000

For the thirty years this was an aggregate loss of \$6,385,000,000.

The writer disclaims concern with money losses as such, or with attendant diminution of our food and clothing supplies, or even with the sickness and death of human beings incident to

some of these diseases in animals. But, reviewing the work of the Bureau of Animal Industry, he notes the headway made against hog cholera, which has been causing the greatest loss of any single disease affecting American live stock.

By experiments on seventeen hogs there was discovered a serum which will protect swine from this disease. In 1921, owing to extensive use of this serum, the loss was reduced from \$75,000,000 to \$27,907,000, a saving of about \$47,000,000 to the farmers of this country in the case of one disease. Forty-seven million dollars is the equivalent of, say, a million hogs. "Here are a million animals that have been spared the suffering incident to disease, at the cost of suffering inflicted on a few of their fellows."

Take the next item on the list—Texas fever—which had been causing an average annual loss of \$40,000,000. Years ago Dr. Theobald Smith, then with the United States Department of Agriculture, began to investigate this disease. He discovered that it was caused by an internal microscopic parasite which he found in the blood and in the liver and other organs of the sick animals. How this parasite was carried from sick cattle to healthy ones, no one knew, but he began to experiment. He placed healthy animals in enclosed pastures in which other animals had died of Texas fever. They, too, quickly sickened and died. Ticks were suspected of being the means of transmission, and another series of experiments proved the suspicion to be well founded.

These experiments revealed the hitherto unknown and most important fact that insects may be a means of transmitting disease. Dr. Simon Flexner has expressed the opinion that but for this discovery our knowledge of yellow fever probably would have been long delayed, and Dr. Ernest Charles Schroeder of the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry



has pointed out that this knowledge in turn led to the clearing of the Panama Canal Zone and the building of the Panama canal.

Tuberculosis causes an annual money loss of \$25,000,000 and discomfort and death to the great number of animals represented by that large sum. It is combatted by the use of the tuberculin test, which makes it possible to determine at once whether an animal is so infected, "instead of waiting for symptoms which may not appear until other cattle and perhaps children as well have become infected. Good headway is being made, and it is probably only a question of time before tuberculosis in cattle will be exterminated and its recurrence prevented."

Similar work is being carried on for the control of glanders, a dreadful disease of horses, to which men also are subject. It is incurable and before it makes known its presence in the natural way, it may be communicated to many

other horses—perhaps at a common drinking trough—and thus cause wholesale destruction. In fact, some horses are simply "carriers," and unknown even to their owners, go about spreading the disease, meanwhile showing no outward signs of it themselves. But "by what is known as the mallein test, it is possible to tell almost at once, whether a horse has glanders or not. A preparation discovered and developed by vivisection is injected into the eyelid. If the disease is not present nothing happens, but if there is the slightest taint, the injection is followed by a reaction in the form of inflammation, and the horse can be destroyed before he infects his fellows or his owner. During the World War, every horse coming into an army which had an efficient veterinary service, was given the mallein test, and as a result glanders was almost unheard of throughout the great conflict, in which enormous numbers of animals were used."

## SLENDER PEOPLE LIVE LONGEST AFTER THE AGE OF THIRTY

**T**HIRTY is the tell-tale age in the physical life of the ordinary person. At thirty a man is supposed more nearly to approach the normal. Under thirty he may well weigh a number of pounds above the average called for in the standard height, weight and age tables, but after thirty the longest life span prevails among those whose weights are uniformly below the average, according to figures compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and given out by the American Child Health Association.

The association recommends every one to keep track of his or her weight, and to remedy any excess by diet and right living. In a statement, accompanying the figures, Dr. Louis T. Dublin, of the insurance company, the compiler, says:

"After thirty, people who weigh less than the average have a better chance

for long life, the records of the insurance companies show. After this age it is a decided advantage to be slight and a serious handicap to gain materially in weight, provided, of course, that the light weight is not the result of a sudden loss in weight which may be the result of organic disease.

"But the weight tables posted on public scales should not be taken too literally. Young persons may well weigh a number of pounds above the average called for by the tables. An excess of ten pounds is associated with the most favorable conditions among people between twenty and twenty-five years old.

"The public should realize these facts and accommodate their habits of diet and exercise to them. In America we eat too much and too well. The Oriental coolie and the European peasant do an enormous amount of physical work on a meagre diet. No one advocates a return to primitive conditions or to lower standards of living, but it would be well for us to keep in mind the exact requirements of the

adult body. We should recognize that when we have grown up we no longer need food for growth, and that for the replacement of burned-up tissues we need only about 2,500 calories a day.

"This is equivalent to two very light meals and one hearty meal a day. Let me illustrate with a menu for an entire day for an active adult which will contain the required 2,500 calories. For breakfast he may have a small average serving of cooked fruit or an apple or an orange, a serving of cereal, a slice of bread or one muffin or roll with butter, a cup of coffee

with sugar and cream. This will contain about 600 calories. The luncheon may consist of a salad, bread and butter, a choice of coffee, tea or cocoa, with sugar and cream, and a dessert. This will account for 650 calories. The important meal of the day, or dinner, may consist of a soup, an average serving of meat, potato, two green vegetables, bread and butter, and a dessert. If average portions are served, a total of about 1,200 calories will be included. This would make the total for the day approximately 2,500 calories."

## AIRCYCLE, FOOT-PROPELLED, IS THE NEWEST THING IN FLYING

**W.** F. GERHARDT, inventor of what is called the cycleplane—an air vehicle operated by foot power of the pilot only—recently demonstrated the contrivance at McCook field near Dayton, Ohio, and the demonstration has been declared a success by a number of witnesses. While the flights made by the machine thus far have not

been sensational, the inventor claims that the principles involved can be successfully incorporated in a machine capable of attaining comparatively great heights and speed.

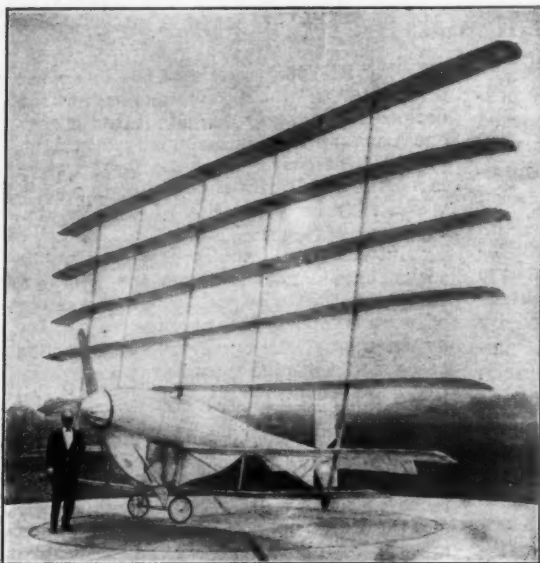
In his longest flight, with the machine operated by and supplied with the pilot's own power, it rose about three inches from the ground and flew approximately twenty feet, which the inventor declares was long enough to insure steady, unretarded flight.

"This machine was not intended to fly around the sky, but merely to make the kind of flight it did, to prove scientifically the possibility of human flight in such a machine," the inventor says.

The cycleplane has seven lifting wings, one mounted above the other by means of a connecting strut three feet high; each wing is approximately two feet in width and three inches thick.

A propeller made of light wood is operated by the pilot by means of a chain and pedal arrangement, much after the manner of a bicycle.

In recent tests, the cycleplane was started forward initially by means of a tow-



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BEHOLD THE NEWEST THING IN AERONAUTICS

Also the inventor, W. F. Gerhardt, of the first aircraft to make a successful flight with only the foot-pedaling of the pilot.

line. After the machine gets under way the pilots starts pedaling, and when the propeller revolves at a sufficient speed the machine lifts gradually from the ground and moves forward.

The regular stabilizer, rudder and landing gears are used. There are no

ailerons on the machine, as it obtains its lifting power by the peculiar placement of the lower wing. The fuselage is approximately 20 feet long and the top wing stands about 30 feet from the floor. The machine operates as a glider when the pedals are not working.

## BUGS THAT FLY FASTER THAN SIGHT TRAVELS

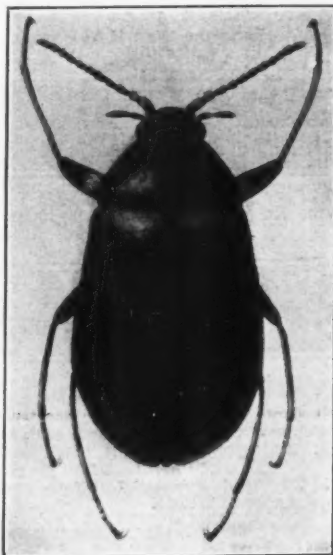
IT is customary to think of pigeons and swallows as examples of extraordinary swiftness of flight, and to consider the airplane a marvel for rapid locomotion, but there are insects that rival or exceed these in the quickness with which they can transport themselves. The dragon-flies and gadflies probably move more rapidly at times than any bird or airplane. But light, with its 192,000 miles a second, is swifter, and enables us to follow most of them with the eye. One insect at least can fly so swiftly that, according to an accredited writer in *Nature Magazine*, human sight cannot follow it. While in flight it appears to make absolutely no record on the retina of the eye.

A time ago, while examining streams and animals in them, with reference to pellagra in the mountains about Pineville, Kentucky, the scientific observer encountered a small black beetle about a fifth of an inch long that puzzled him greatly by its mysterious appearances and disappearances on rocks of rapids in a local waterway. One moment it was present on a rock before his eyes and the next appeared on another rock some dis-

tance away. Without devoting any time to it on this occasion it was assumed to slip quickly into the water, and swimming with the rapid current, to emerge suddenly in another place. Several of the strangers were captured by quickly throwing a cloth net down on them when they were at rest. They proved to be *Psephenus lecontei*, and on looking up the literature relating to the species it was found that other people had noticed its peculiar ways, and had reached the conclusion that it changes its position by flight. "Subsequently I watched the insect more care-

fully, and though my sight is rather better than the average, I was forced to admit that I had at last encountered an insect that was too quick for my eyes. I simply could not see it while it was on the wing."

*Psephenus lecontei* is a frequenter of rapids of mountain streams in the eastern United States. Its larva is believed to live in the water. The family *Parnidae* to which it belongs, contains about a dozen other American species, all of them slow-moving and living in the water in all stages of their development. This beetle is an exception to its



CHAMPION AERONAUT OF THE INSECT WORLD

This bug, native to Kentucky, can fly faster than the eye can see, it is declared.

family in that the adult moves swiftly and lives in the air. It is not to be said that its flight in any measure approaches the speed of light, but "it is fair to say that it flies with something like the speed of a bullet." Even so, it

is difficult for the writer in *Nature Magazine* to understand how it checks the velocity of its flight in a fraction of a second and manages as it does to alight right side up and in the possession of all its faculties.

## WHEN A BRIDGE TELLS ITS TROUBLES

**A** NEW device has been perfected by the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads to determine the stress produced in any member of a bridge when a vehicle or train passes over it, no matter at what speed. Engineers have long known how to design a bridge so that it may safely carry its own weight plus the load standing on it, but they have had to estimate the allowance to be made for the impact occasioned by every moving load.

The new apparatus, as described by E. B. Smith, of the Division of Tests, in the *Scientific American*, makes a photographic record, by means of a beam of light, of the lengthening or shortening of any part of the bridge.

The design of the measuring instrument is based on an optical principle, its essential features being shown in the diagram. A and B are the two gage points, A being movable and piv-

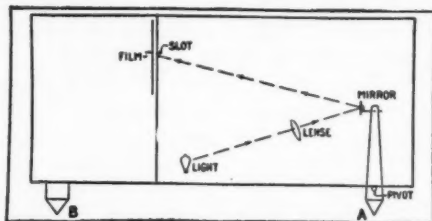
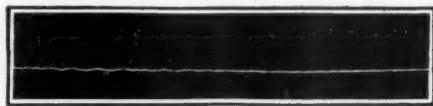
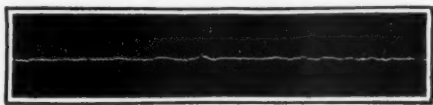


DIAGRAM SHOWING PRINCIPLE OF THE RECORDING APPARATUS

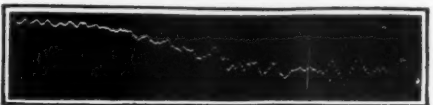
Movement of the gage point A with regard to the fixed gage point B caused by the stretching of the bridge truss member is greatly magnified at the upper end of the lever whose shorter end forms the moving gage point A. The beam of light is focused by the lens on the mirror, whence it is thrown on the moving film, leaving a graphic record.



At 3 miles per hour the effect is very slight and uniform.



At 9 miles per hour there is no marked oscillation of the bridge, but the curves have greater amplitude.



At 20 miles per hour the amplitude of the vibrations is much more pronounced, and the trend of the graph shows local oscillations in the truss as well as long, slow swings of the bridge as a whole. GRAPHIC RECORDS MADE ON THE LOWER C-CORD OF A SIX-PANEL PRATT TRUSS BRIDGE BY THE PASSAGE OF A 3-TON TRUCK

oted as shown. At its upper end is attached, by means of an adjustable fixture, a mirror. By means of a small lens a source of light is focused on this mirror and is reflected back to a photographic film.

In operation, any slight movement of the point A will rock the small mirror about its pivot, thus deflecting the beam of light and very greatly magnifying the original movement. By thus using a beam of light to magnify the movements of the bridge member it is made possible to eliminate all but two moving parts, namely, the gage point with its extension and the mirror on its pivot. Since the movement in either case is extremely small, these parts respond readily with very little component effect of inertia. The great-

er part of the magnification is obtained by the movement of the reflected beam of light, caused in turn by the movement of the mirror, and as the former



takes place without any effect of inertia whatever there can be no lag or overtravel of the instrument recording, a photographic film is so placed as to receive the beam of light which passes through a slot and makes a direct record of the variations in the bridge

member of the film. Accompanying diagrams show the principle of the apparatus. With this instrument it is possible to get magnifications of more than 500 times the amount of the original deflection, but for most cases 200 times has been found ample.

## FILMING ATOMIC COLLISIONS

**S**TAGING a collision between locomotives is an old movie stunt, but Professor W. D. Harkins, of the University of Chicago, has gone to the opposite extreme in setting up a camera that will take pictures of the tracks of the atoms through space and their occasional collisions.

Since the atomic particle to be photographed is only about a millionth of an inch in size and is moving at a speed of ten thousand miles a second, taking its picture is more of a feat than filming a slow-coach locomotive that may be making a mere sixty miles an hour. To work out a way to do it required an alliance of Anglo-Saxon and Japanese brains, the "Wilson-Shimizu apparatus," it is called. Reporting this strange movie performance, in *The Scientific Monthly*, Dr. Edwin E. Slosson says that in this ingenious contrivance advantage is taken of the fact that when moist air is cooled suddenly the water is precipitated from the air in the form of dewdrops deposited upon the walls of the vessel or upon any electrified particles, such as dust, that may be floating in the air.

The most minute electrical particle is known as the electron, 1,840 of which weigh no more than the smallest atom, the atom of hydrogen. These electrons are more or less loosely attach to the atoms of all kinds of matter; so loosely that they can be rubbed off a piece of glass with a handkerchief, as is shown by the fact that the glass is thereby electrified.

Free electrons are gotten from the atoms of nitrogen by bombarding them with what are known as alpha particles which, we read, are themselves fragments of helium atoms thrown off when

the metal radium decomposes. They carry a double charge of positive electricity and are projected from the exploding radium atom at a speed of some twenty thousand times as fast as a rifle bullet. Their momentum is so great that they plunge right through the atoms they encounter and may travel several inches through the air before they are slowed down, leaving behind a trail of some 200,000 fragments of nitrogen atoms. These fragments being electrified may each form the center of a minute dewdrop. If now a bright light be thrown on the screen from the side, the track of the alpha particle will be seen as a shining line of illuminated drops, and may be photographed.

But once in a while the flying alpha will do more damage to an atom than carry off one of its outer electrons. It may chance to hit an atom in its central nucleus, where most of its mass is concentrated, and so smash it to pieces. Now the nucleus of a nitrogen atom is made up of hydrogen and helium, and either of these may be dislodged. In Professor Harkins's snapshots are seen the results of such collisions, the causes of which constitute a scientific puzzle now about to be solved.

### POSTSCRIPTS

The addition of a small amount of glue to ink will make papers written with it waterproof.

A device for measuring the humidity of the air has been made so delicate that the presence of a person in a room with it is recorded.

For removing feathers from poultry an electrically operated machine has been invented that pulls them out between rollers, vacuum apparatus gathering them into a receptacle.





## VOICES OF LIVING POETS

**P**ROBABLY never in history has there been a more revivifying of any art, both as to production and as to appreciation, than that which has taken place in the art of poetry in America during the past decade or so. From rags to riches, from the menial "tail-piece" to a place of prominence in the popular magazines, from a minor to a major art form—such has been the progress of this Cinderella of the arts.

This fact has given poet-critics, such as Eunice Tietjens, who have watched the metamorphosis, a rare opportunity to study the progress of poetry in the making. And since at bottom all poetry becomes a question of the heart of the poet, it has occurred to her, as acting editor of *Poetry* (Chicago), that it would be interesting "to set side by side the poetry of youth written in the old days of struggle and ridicule, and the poetry of youth written in this day of appreciation and prominence."

A recent issue of *Poetry* is filled with verse written by a representative group of established American poets when they were twenty-three years of age or younger, and with verse written by an equally representative group of young poets who have not yet passed that age. No attempt is made merely to encourage invidious comparison, but it is a professed attempt, however imperfect, to discover whether the heart of the poet thrives best in the clash of struggle or in the calm of public favor. We are not certain that the *Poetry* symposium does justice to the subject in the matter of the poems and poets represented. But, in quoting the two following poems, representing each group, we are disposed to agree with a paragraph in the *Boston Herald* to the effect

that "the last nine years have proved that it takes more than great themes to make great poets":

THOMAS HOOD

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

**T**HE man who cloaked his bitterness  
within,  
This winding-sheet of puns and pleasantries,  
God never gave to look with common eyes  
Upon a world of anguish and of sin:  
His brother was the branded man of Lynn;  
And there are woven with his jollities  
The nameless and eternal tragedies  
That render hope and helplessness akin.

We laugh, and crown him; but anon we  
feel  
A still chord sorrow-swept—a weird unrest;  
And thin dim shadows home to midnight  
steal,  
As if the very ghost of mirth were dead—  
As if the joys of time to dreams had fled,  
Or sailed away with Ines to the West.

Written before the age of 23.

TRYST

BY SARAH-MARGARET BROWN

**I** KNOW where one tree leans beside the  
lake—  
A careless willow, trailing on the  
sand . . .  
Green buds weave garlands where the  
white waves break,  
And sparkling mirrors wait an unseen  
hand.  
I think you walked along the path one  
day,  
Along the shore, along the chill wet stones.  
You saw the willow rise above the spray,  
You saw the driftwood, bleached like little  
bones.

I think you watched the silken seaweed  
curl  
In scattered eddies where the curved shells  
lie.  
You watched the slender willow leaves unfurl,  
And gulls loop silver threads across the sky.  
I wonder if by any chance you found  
A word I once let fall there on the ground.

Eery if not creepy is the following sonnet, from *Harper's*, by the author of that enduring other sonnet *Tears*, long familiar to readers of anthologies:

## LONELY

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WHO sits within the house, and spins  
and spins  
A web of silence, louder than a sound,  
And spinning, stares? The rainy sunset  
thins  
Along the rooms; a bluster of wind pants  
round  
The yard and back again. Its leaves all  
shed,  
Sags the wet lilac hedge, in half-lit airs,  
Like strip of long-drenched leather, worn  
to thread;  
Who sits within the house and stares and  
stares?  
Some secret's here. Softly I pace the floor,  
For fear that of a sudden it may be  
known;  
That footsteps may fleet out each hoarded  
place,  
Some strange dark hand comes fumbling  
at the door,  
That aged thing, who spins and spins  
alone,  
Rush out upon me, with a pale, drowned  
face.

In a group of three poems contributed to *The Measure*, we are moved to applaud the following lyric on the score of both its tone and overtone:

## GATHERING LEAVES

BY ROBERT FROST

SPADES take up leaves  
No better than spoons,  
And bags full of leaves  
Are light as balloons.

I make a great noise  
Of rustling all day  
Like rabbit and deer  
Running away.

But the mountains I raise  
Elude my embrace,  
Flowing over my arms  
And into my face.

I may load and unload  
Again and again  
Till I fill the whole shed  
And what have I then?

Next to nothing for weight;  
And since they grew duller  
From contact with earth,  
Next to nothing for color;

Next to nothing for use.  
But a crop is a crop,  
And who's to say where  
The harvest shall stop?

The other day we read of a Pennsylvania coal mine that had been on fire and burning for fifty odd years. It is possible that the author of the following poem, in the *Outlook*, may have been inspired by the same news item:

## THE BURNING HILL

BY ABBIE HUSTON EVANS

THE Burning Hill, they call it; long ago,  
A generation since, the coal took fire;  
Men fought the flame awhile, but came to  
know

It ate too deep and crept too slow to tire.

Sometimes at night men wandering on the  
hill

See some blue-pointed flames play through  
a crack,

And know the ancient fire is gnawing still  
At the hill's core, red eating up the black.

Yet some day will the last black inch be  
ash

In the last alley burrowing underground,  
And the whole hill stand full of clinkered  
trash,

A burned-out furnace, one great cinder-  
mound.

—Oh, what of buried fires that show no  
spark,  
Burning away a lifetime in the dark?

We are curiously intrigued by the ensuing lines, which we find in the *New Republic*, and which we reprint with compliments to that weekly journal, as well as to the author:

#### HERE COMES THE THIEF

BY HAZEL HALL

HERE comes the thief  
Men nickname Time,  
Oh, hide you, leaf,  
And hide you, rhyme.  
Leaf, he would take you  
And leave you rust.  
Rhyme, he would flake you  
With spotted dust.  
Scurry to cover,  
Delicate maid  
And serious lover.  
Girl, bind the braid  
Of your burning hair;  
He has an eye  
For the lusciously fair  
Who passes by.  
O lover, hide—  
Who comes to plunder  
Has the crafty stride  
Of unheard thunder.  
Quick—lest he snatch,  
In his grave need,  
And sift and match,  
Then sow like seed  
Your love's sweet grief  
On the backward air,  
With the rhyme and the leaf  
And the maiden's hair.

That Mr. Davies, former tramp and ever poet, even though recreant to his native America in maintaining residence in England, can be jocose and also poetic in the space of ten lines is attested by this lyric, from the *London Mercury*:

#### MY GARDEN

BY W. H. DAVIES

THE lilac in my garden comes to bloom,  
The apple, quince and cherry wait  
their hour,  
The honeysuckle climbs from pole to pole—  
And the rockery has a stone that's now  
a flower,  
Jewelled by moss in every tiny hole!

Close to my lilac there's a small bird's nest  
Of quiet, young, half-sleeping birds:  
but when

I look, each little rascal—five I've reckoned—

Opens a mouth so large and greedy then,

He swallows his own face in half a second!

In the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post* recently appeared three "prayers from the Greek" which reveal Mrs. Wylie as following Keats, to say nothing of Edgar Lee Masters, to the Greek Anthology for inspiration. Here is one of her three transcriptions, from Callimachus:

#### THE LOVER

BY ELINOR WYLIE

MAY sleep so lie upon your breast  
As I lie sleeping in the rain,  
And as you gave your lover rest  
May love give rest to you again.

The very passers-by are kind;  
They succor him who sorrows most;  
But never even in dreams your mind  
Has dreamt of pity or her ghost.

O cruel, cruel! you do not care  
Though I lie sleeping in the cold:  
Perhaps the silver on your hair  
May speak of this when you are old.

Léonie Adams is a name new to us, but if she is writing much poetry that is comparable to the ensuing verses, from *Vanity Fair*, it is a name that should be better known:

#### SIGHT

BY LÉONIE ADAMS

WHEN work was done I fed the working beast,  
And passed the dead town in its misty shroud,  
And saw streets run to stars, and in the east  
The moon drift up as wavering as a cloud.  
How many times ending the amber day  
I'd walked with this flat heart and this dry stare,  
And reckoning with the chances of the way,  
Beauty, that had no edges anywhere.  
And loveliness, born fresh with every sun,  
How blindly passed out of your gleaming air,

There where my poor dulled sands accounted run,  
 O how of morning made a thoroughfare!  
 And how forgot the mountainy wood this day,  
 Which the clear summoner day by day bereaves,  
 And through the shadowy air, as gently lay  
 The body of summer, drop its gilded leaves.  
 And for these hours while dearest things decayed,  
 I am requited in a curious money.  
 While fruits sucked up the sun, and birds late played,  
 And bees have sealed their wild, clear, yellow honey.

In *The Lyric* (Norfolk, Va.) we find the following verses that, we think, succeed poetically in celebrating aviation as an agency of liberation:

#### BUT SONG SHALL RISE

BY JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

THE city's hands are lean and gray,  
 The city's hands are strong;  
 They wind about your throat by day,  
 They strangle all night long;  
 With eager tort and twist they slay  
 Morning and evening song.

The city's hands are gray with dust  
 And strong with slaying men;  
 They fold before the gods of rust  
 Within their iron den,  
 But song shall rise above their lust  
 And men be free again.

The man-god with the man-made wings,  
 Denying space and time,  
 Unto the clutching city brings  
 The scent of rose and thyme;  
 Like freedom's self the motor sings  
 Above the city's grime.

From *The Outlook* we reprint a pair of lovely lyrics which sigh and sing a message of their own:

#### DISPERSAL

BY ALINE KILMER

WHAT will become of me now I am dead,  
 For my heart divided and went two ways,

Devil-driven, angel-led,  
 Bewitched, bewildered all my days?

Angel from fiend I cannot tell,  
 Twin shapes, alert, intent to fly:  
 One goes to heaven, one to hell,  
 And I—I know not which is I.

#### FAVETE LINGUIS

BY ALINE KILMER

SPEAK not the word that turns the flower to ashes,  
 Praise not the beauty passing as you gaze,  
 Let your eyes drink of loveliness in silence;  
 It will but wither, even as you praise.

See there the plum tree heavy with its blossom  
 Swings like the full moon, glimmering and round;  
 You lift your lute to celebrate its beauty  
 And all its petals flutter to the ground.

Dependent upon their overtones is the enduring quality of most poems, and this applies particularly to the following symbolic poem which we reprint from the *London Observer*:

#### THE SEA-SENSE

BY NORMAN ANGLIN

ALL day along the plow's full-laden wake  
 Of worms—like bubbles in the shiny clay!—  
 Sea-gulls have hovered in white-winged array.

I follow, for I dare not now forsake  
 This sudden sea-sense in the fields; I take  
 A score of memories from each display  
 Of broad white wings—the restless sea to-day  
 Is with me as I watch the furrow break.

A misted night: the lights of farms burn clear,  
 Like masthead-lights on slowly passing ships.  
 The sea—this wind-flung country plowed for grain—  
 Is black; like rollers, hedges swiftly rear  
 Their lengths; one light, another, gently dips,  
 Hides for a hushed half-minute, burns again.

## WHY OUR HUGE LOANS TO EUROPE WILL NEVER COME BACK

**E**MPHASIZING the dangers that would be courted if we were to cancel our war and relief loans to Europe, and urging that the amount of reparation "should be set at a figure that Germany will have a motive for paying, that the Allies can collect," an anonymous writer, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, asserts that capital invested abroad never returns. It may move from one foreign country to another, and may pass from one hand to another, but it does not return home. The British foreign investments of 1914 are declared to have represented essentially the British investments of 1850 confounded at 3 or 4 per cent. The principal remains abroad. Part of the *interest* has returned to Britain in the shape of commodities and materials, but even much of this remains abroad, building up the sum of the foreign investment. Further:

"Only under unusual circumstances, as war, do the holders of foreign investments in a creditor country find it necessary or advantageous to sell their foreign investments. Between 1880 and 1914 Europe recalled no exported capital. Despite the exigencies of the war Europe still retains half the foreign investments she had in 1914. The economic forces that impel the export of capital hold it abroad. The creditor country is predestined to remain a creditor country. The money that we have sent abroad in the last nine years will remain abroad in the natural course of events. The only question is, in what form and in whose hands? Our capital remains abroad, because by and large it earns more abroad than it would earn at home. The returns, the earnings, may not all be in figures; but the sum of the returns weighs enough to hold the investments abroad. The foreign investments achieved by the United States through a huge export surplus in a short time stand unique in history. For the most part exports of goods have played a minor rôle in the building up of the foreign investments of the European countries. The increments have arisen largely from inter-

est and compound interest—the service charges remaining abroad as new investments. The nucleus was goods and services, but the increments have been more important than the nucleus."

Secretary Hoover, given as an authority in support of the assertion that we can whistle for our eleven odd billions in loans to Europe, is quoted to the effect that payment by a debtor government means transfer of government credit to private credit. When, for instance, Great Britain pays us \$500,000,000 our Government cancels the bonds and applies the money to payment of domestic debt. The holders of domestic bonds, on receiving the money, seek reinvestment. This reinvestment will be found in part abroad. The annual savings of Great Britain available for fresh export abroad are more than the sum annually due us. If not paid to us it would pass into foreign investment. After being paid to us it goes into foreign investment.

"When the \$4,600,000,000 due us is paid we shall be a creditor nation to about that sum more and Great Britain will be a creditor nation by that much less than if she had not paid us. Our Government steps out of foreign investment, private capital steps in. The British Government withdraws from borrowing, private capital enters. The dollar paid back by the British Government may not go to the British Empire when it returns abroad. But that makes no difference to the argument; it goes abroad and replaces there capital from Great Britain. In effect, we lend or invest in the outside world capital that reaches the hands of the British Government and constitutes the repayment of our war loans. So far as we may be paid in added imports of goods or services in shipping, the capital returns. But so far as tourists expenditures, immigrant remittances and foreign investments balance the international account, we may be sure the money will not remain in the country. Payments in gold we may expect to result in reciprocal foreign investment, though



the actual metal may remain in the country. We have loaned this \$11,000,000,000 to Europe, and somewhere in the foreign world it will remain."

The specific problem of the debtor European governments is to find the ways and means whereby the eleven odd billions owed to our government may be transferred to private American investors. A survey of American investments abroad during the past two years show that we have loaned less to Europe than to countries outside of Europe. But "one must not infer that Europe only profits by and has the use of loans made to European countries. With world trade as it is, a loan to almost any country has the effect of credits being opened in the European capitals, especially London. In a very definite way a loan to one country is a loan to all countries.

If all debtor countries, their total indebtedness to this country being some

\$11,500,000,000, make the same terms of settlement as has been accorded to Great Britain, the annual payments will accrue in this manner: The interest for the first ten years is 3 per cent.; after that 3.5 per cent. The first payment on principal is .5 per cent. The payments on account of principal rise as the interest charges decline, so that the debts are extinguished in sixty-two years. The payment the first year would be some \$402,000,000, rising gradually to some \$437,000,000. That is the sum that must be absorbed into our international account. Great Britain is not to take advantage of the privilege of moratorium extended to her. We may expect the other debtor countries, with few exceptions, to take advantage of the moratorium of three to five years. Thus the full effect of the payments on our international account will be delayed at least for many years to come.

## INCREASING PROFITS MADE BY THE PANAMA CANAL

**A**NTICIPATING the Panama canal annual report for the fiscal year, which soon will be publicly rendered, it is announced semi-officially that the great transisthmian waterway has had the most prosperous year in its history and has established itself beyond question as a paying concern.

This ninth year of operation began by breaking the record for monthly tolls. July showed receipts of \$1,094,127 from ships passing through the canal. Barring a slight decrease in the following two months of August and September, not another of the remaining nine months failed to surpass July, the progressive increase culminating in May, the eleventh month, when the receipts were nearly twice those of July, namely \$1,972,216. June failed to surpass this record, so May remains the banner month.

The full fiscal year's total was \$17,-

508,199, or more than 50 per cent. above the preceding year's receipts.

With the cost of operation about \$7,-500,000 (this last figure the estimate of Col. Jay J. Morrow, governor of the Panama canal), a clear profit of quite \$10,000,000 shows to the credit of the canal, and this figure ought very closely to approximate the year's net results, as against \$3,789,833 in the previous year, although there will be the auxiliary business operations of the canal to be mixed with it.

Col. Morrow expresses his satisfaction with the state of affairs by saying: "Receipts from canal tolls are paying all expenses of operation, up-keep, depreciation, interest at 8 per cent. on the canal bonds, etc., leaving a net balance of from \$60,000 to \$70,000 a month. We have written off about \$100,000,000 of the canal bond issue of about \$375,000,000.

Under a recent ruling of the secre-

tary of war, the commercial value of the canal was determined as \$246,418,989, for transit capital and \$28,760,380 for business capital. The reduction from the \$375,000,000 of the canal bond issue was effected by writing off all expenditures in excess of \$246,418,989, partly as defence capital expenditures and partly in accordance with estab-

lished methods of depreciation. It is probable that the tolls will be reduced.

The engineers say that practically all that will be necessary to double the capacity of the canal to transport ships is an additional series of locks at three points. By thus doubling its capacity the canal would not reach its maximum for probably 100 years.

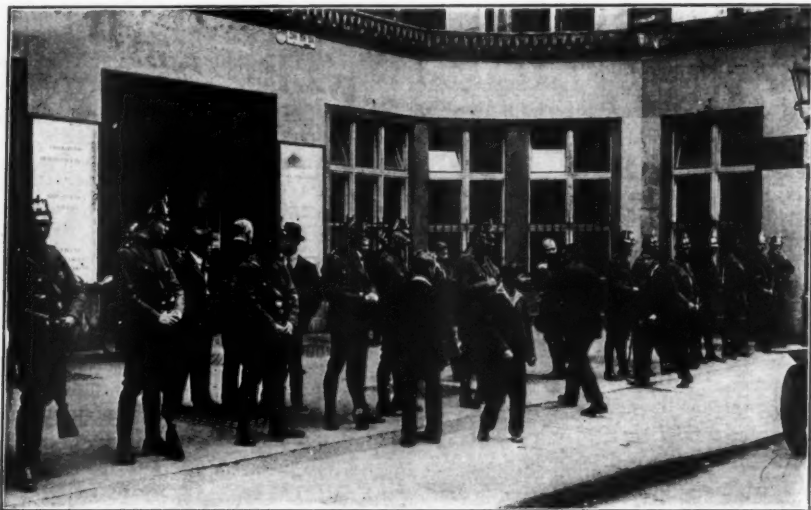
## HOW WEALTH HAS CHANGED HANDS IN GERMANY

**P**ENETRATING the financial smoke screen behind which Germany is lurking and working, an English economist, in the *Quarterly Review* (London), reveals with searchlight effect what the depreciation of the mark means to the individual in Germany, how it has wiped out mortgages, and transferred wealth from one set to another, and declares that "to-day the nation is free not only of war debt but also of her peace debt. Her poverty is rather apparent than real, due to a variety of causes headed by inflation."

Reminding us that money is wealth only in proportion to its mercurial pur-

chasing power, and that wealth consists exclusively of real values such as land, houses, machinery, railways and such, the writer declares that, while Germany has lost part of her real wealth by territorial cessions (and the portion ceded was relatively unimportant), the machinery of production and of commerce within present-day Germany has improved mostly since 1914."

In proof of the assertion that the collapse of the mark has not impoverished Germany, though it has ruined certain classes and greatly enriched others, we read of the pre-war farmer who passed sleepless nights because



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### REICHSBANK CLOSES WHEN MONEY PRINTERS STRIKE

Thousands of Germans in Berlin, upon reading the posters, besieged the bank and a riot was with difficulty averted by the police.



THEY HAVE BEEN PRINTING THESE 20-MILLION-MARK NOTES BY THE BALE IN GERMANY. Incidentally it is the highest denomination in paper money ever authorized by a Government and printed for general circulation. This note is worth about \$3.

there was a mortgage of 50,000 marks on his farm which was worth \$12,500. He can now satisfy the mortgage by selling a couple of chickens. His indebtedness has been practically wiped out. What the mortgagor has lost the farmer has won.

"A manufacturer of clothing can repay a pre-war loan of a million marks by selling a few yards of cloth or an inferior sewing-machine or some other trifle. The holders of mortgages on land and houses, of government stock, of debentures, preference shares, and other fixed interest-bearing securities, have been utterly ruined. Their wealth has been transferred to industry, commerce and agriculture. Before the war, the great German banks held the industries in the hollow of their hands, for the manufacturers owed untold millions to the banks. The banks have suffered like the great body of investors. Industry and agriculture have benefited enormously by the collapse of the mark."

Inflation is said to have benefited German industry, commerce and agriculture, not only by abolishing their indebtedness and transferring untold millions of capital from the investors to the active business men, but because it has, at the same time, reduced taxation to the utmost. Prices and profits increase *pari passu* with the decline of the mark.

A business man who some time ago had an income of a million marks, has now an income of several hundred millions, and pays with the utmost delay income-tax on a million marks. Thus, the nominally high income-tax rates yield next to nothing, and income-tax is scarcely worth collecting from the income-tax payers proper. Nevertheless, we are told that Germany is the most highly taxed nation in the world, and in support of this statement are shown tables of nominal tax rates which, indeed, are high. The yield of the income-tax and other direct taxes is almost nil, not only for the reason mentioned, but also because the tax-gatherers apparently wink at evasion or even favor it. Possibly they do so under instructions.

There being no surplus of income over expenditure, because consumption is greater than production, Germany is in the position of a man who earns \$50,000 a year, spends \$60,000, and then pleads that he cannot pay taxes.

Coal production per miner per day has declined 50 per cent. of the pre-war output, iron production per worker to less than half the pre-war production, and about 10,000,000 acres of German soil which used to be under the plow have gone out of cultivation, while hundreds of thousands of additional officials are unnecessarily employed by the railways and post office.

## NEW FACES TO APPEAR ON AMERICAN STAMPS

**A**MERICAN stamps are no longer to be monotonously alike in color and design. Of the twenty-one new stamps which have just been and are about to be issued by the American Government, the portraits of other national heroes besides George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, and for the first time a woman, Martha Washington, is commemorated in the new series.

An excellent profile likeness of the late President Harding appears on the new Harding two-cent postage stamp which is now on sale, printed in black, with the numerals 1865 and 1923, the dates of the birth and death of our twenty-ninth Chief Executive. The first issue was 300,000 and the stamp will supersede the regular two-cent stamp for sixty days.

The picture of Benjamin Franklin, the first Postmaster General, is to adorn the one-cent stamp. That of Washington appears on the two-cent stamp. Theodore Roosevelt, for the first time, enters the roll of national heroes to be commemorated on United States postage. An excellent engraving of one of his portraits is on the five-cent stamp, which is most frequently used on foreign mails. Martha Washington's portrait is engraved on the four-cent stamp. The other Americans portrayed are Presidents Jefferson, Monroe, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley and Cleveland.

All stamps above twelve cents bear pictures of some theme symbolic of American history, or some noted building or scene in the United States. The new fifty-cent stamp has an engraved picture of the Arlington amphitheater showing the tomb of the American Unknown Soldier. The \$1 stamp has a reproduction of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

The \$5 stamp is regarded as the engraving triumph of the series. It is larger than the others and is in the



© Underwood

ON THE NEW HARDING MEMORIAL STAMP Of 2-cent denomination, it was first placed on sale at the Marion, Ohio, post office on September 2. It will supersede the regular 2-cent stamp for 60 days.

national colors, the border being red, the face blue and the background white. The head is that of the American goddess, taken from the figure on the dome of the Capitol. The Indian head on the fourteen-cent stamp is that of Hollow Horn Bear, personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, who marched in Roosevelt's inaugural parade.

United States stamps are made by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, by the same workmen who engrave and print government bank notes. The stamps are printed from intaglio-engraved plates on presses that turn out a million a day each. In the last fiscal year the government sold 14,319,350,063 stamps. Twenty-six per cent. of this output was one-cent stamps and sixty-four per cent. two-cent stamps. The manufacture of United States stamps takes 1,500,000 pounds of raw paper, made from spruce. The annual demand consumes seventy acres of spruce timber.



**W**HAT does a president of the United States mean to a columnist? This question might have been difficult to answer prior to the death of President Harding, but we know now what our late President meant to one columnist. Mr. Jay E. House, of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, whose opinions, reactions, prejudices and emotions are recorded every day under the heading "On Second Thought," is impressed by the fact that "he was our kind." Mr. House explains this statement in a passage that illustrates the serious side of the columnist's influence and that carries conviction:

"The thing we liked best about President Harding was that he was our kind. He had come out of obscurity; he had played in the town band and probably on the ball team. He had set type, made up forms, tinkered with a gasoline engine and had written hundreds of thousands of words of newspaper 'copy' with a lead pencil. He could set up a kitchen stove, paint a woodshed, harness a horse, score a ball game, and, in an emergency, cook his own breakfast. He knew the signs of the weather and whether it would be fair or falling, the names of the birds and beasts of the fields, the difference between a pink

oak and a sycamore, and had sat many summer nights on a front porch bathed in the moonlight. And he was the sort of a neighbor who owned a stepladder and was always willing to loan it.

"And these are the things which reflect the American type and bind Americans one to the other."

There is something to think about the foregoing characterization as there is in a summons, "Come Again, Mr. Bok," lately published by the columnist of the *Omaha World Herald*. This writer suggests that Mr. Bok, after winding up his \$100,000 contract for a world peace plan, offer a prize of another \$100,000 for any of the following devices:

Some way to make such peace plan work after it is accepted.

Non-man-eating mosquitoes.

How to enable oil magnates to reduce their surplus without cutting down production or reducing the price to the consumer.

How to live without working.

Some way to restore the mark to twenty cents worth of a dollar.

Silent Fords.

A permanent crease in pants.

Some way for a public official to please everybody.

How to save money when you spend more than make.

Some way for



**DARK MOMENTS IN BRILLIANT LIVES**  
—Kessler in *New York Evening Mail*.



farmers to sell their crops at prices above the cost of production under a "protective" tariff.

How to reconcile Henry Cabot Lodge to Magnus Johnson in the senate.

A noiseless "noiseless typewriter."

How to enable Europe to get out of paying for the last war so it can put on another one.

Ted Robinson, the "philosopher of folly" who writes for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, says that the funniest thing he has heard during the past summer is the German accusation that the French are engaged in making counterfeit marks. He goes on to tell the following story:

"A bit of pleasing repartee was overheard on a New York Central train out of Cleveland the other night. A sleepy individual laid down his book and hailed the conductor thus:

"Say, conductor, does Ashtabula stop at this train?"

"Friend," answered the conductor, solemnly, 'you gotta quit reading that Einstein stuff!'"

When Dr. Frank Crane was recently in the Orient he was quoted in a Peking newspaper as saying: "China is doing something no nation has ever done before. She is going ahead successfully without either a head or a tail." On this Keith Preston, of the *Chicago Daily News*, makes the comment:

"Chinese politics has at last caught up with Chinese poetry. We devoutly hope Dr. Crane will not advocate a similar movement in this country."

The "best story" told in a San Francisco hotel and reported in a late issue of a San Francisco daily is this:

"They were sitting in the St. Francis lobby when a young man about town went by.

"He's the cleverest chap at turning hard situations to his own advantage that I know," remarked the wild wag.

"So?" said the old-timer.

"Quite so. If he should find himself between the horns of the original dilemma he would take a long swig out of one and blow a long blast on the other."

James K. McGuinness, who runs the "Sun Dial" in the *New York Sun and Globe*, is responsible for the following:

"There is a Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution proposed now. Half a century hence some President will begin a noted address. Fourscore and seven amendments ago . . ."

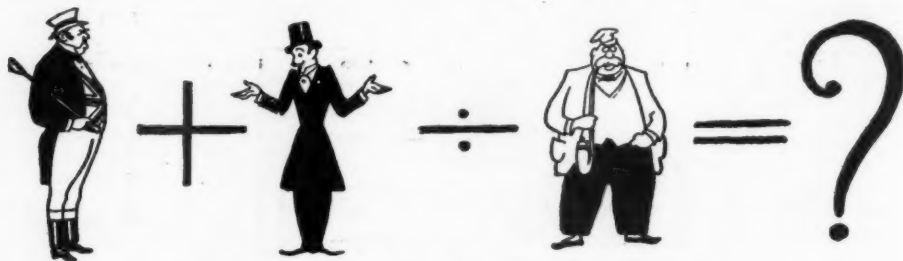
Don Marquis, in the *New York Tribune*, offers a revision of familiar aphorisms:

"'Money is not everything in life' . . . so don't corrupt the morals of others by letting them get hold of your cash.

"'Laugh and the world laughs with you' . . . unless you are laughing at the world.

"'Courtesy opens all doors' . . . and in rushes the subway mob.

"'You can't fool all the people all the time' . . . some of them are so busy fooling themselves."



A PROBLEM IN SIMPLE EUROPEAN ARITHMETIC

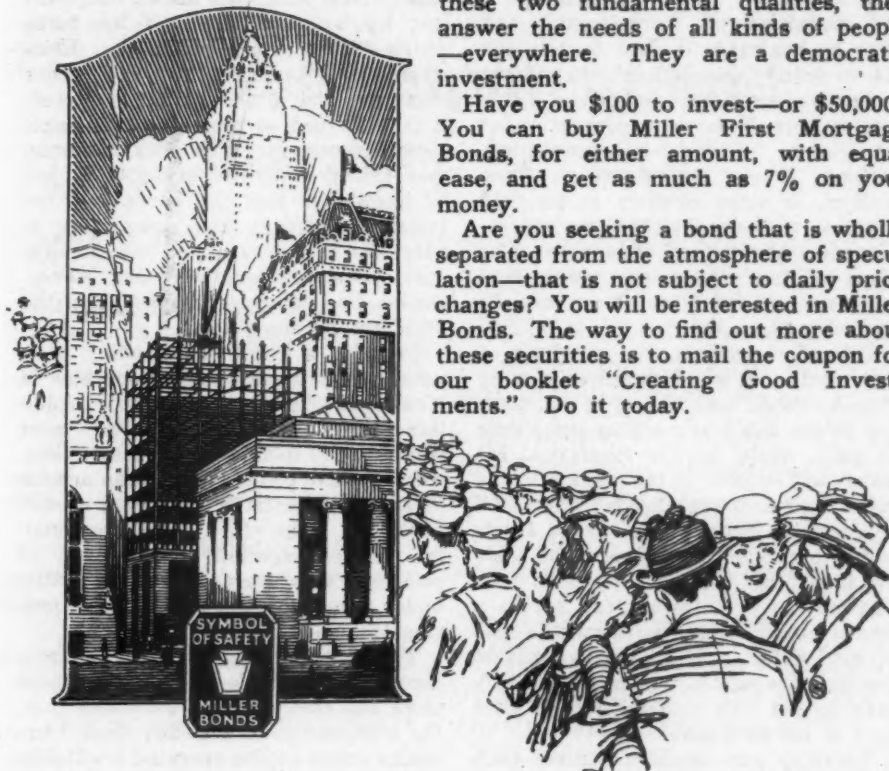
—Life.

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# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**S**OMETIME when you find a banker at leisure, ask him to give you a definition of "investment," and when he has made it clear to you, ask him to define "speculation." It will not be surprising if his definitions differ considerably from your conception of the terms. It would be astonishing, however, if you found two or three bankers, or other workers in the field financial, with exactly the same impression of investment and speculation. The edges overlap at so many places that many general functions of one may be applied to the other.

Take, for example, the purchase of real estate. A buyer acquires a strip of undeveloped land, believing that some day he can sell it at a higher price than he paid, while, in the meantime, his money will be safe. Is the transaction an investment or a speculation? The land produces no income; the buyer's funds will be unproductive so long as he holds the land. He will have taxes to pay. The only way the owner can secure a return on his money is through a rise of land values. If he finally sells at less than the purchase price, he not only fails to get any income, but he loses part of his principal.

Probably you would nominate such a deal, if a loss was suffered, as a speculation. But if the land was disposed of at a profit, would the transaction be any less of a speculation? Evidently it would be in the estimation of many persons, for thousands of men and women every year acquire holdings of undeveloped lots and believe thoroughly that they are investing.

The get-rich-quick promoter of securities takes full advantage of the broad scope of "investment" in the public mind. Rarely is the intended victim

asked to speculate; for the purveyor of questionable securities knows that such bait has not a fraction of the force which "investment" possesses. Even when the promise of a great profit through a rise of the market is offered, it is described as the reward of sagacious investment. The slick salesman may satisfy whatever scruples he has by knowledge that the borderland between investment and speculation is hazy, but he knows better than to suggest speculation out and out. Nevertheless, he tries clever ways to beat the devil around the stump.

Recently a great stock-selling campaign came to an ignominious end in New York after many thousands of dollars had been gathered in. The leader was a man of much personal magnetism, who appealed to the public as an apostle of a new order in the financing of corporations. The effect of his personality was felt especially by his army of salesmen who were trained carefully under a high-pressure system for getting the money.

The writer of this article was familiar with some of the corporations whose stock was sold, and was convinced that, for one reason or another, these companies could not be operated profitably. One was a concern manufacturing automobile tires of a kind long considered obsolete by leading producers. Another had previously been supplied with considerable capital and could not make a profit on it because of excessive operating costs.

Being curious about the promoter's selling methods, the writer sought interviews with several salesmen. They were found to be very earnest young men who had evidently been taught to

*(Continued on page 492)*



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with the result that the goods were promptly sold.

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The book gives full details of the Cochran & McCluer plan of selling without salesmen. It shows how and why every dollar you invest earns full 7% whether you

buy for cash or on the monthly payment plan.

Before you make any investments at least investigate the Cochran & McCluer plan which insures maximum interest with absolute safety.

Write for the book. It's free for the asking. *No salesmen to urge you.*



## Cochran & McCluer Co.

46 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 490)

steer a safe course between an investment and speculative presentation of their arguments. The result was something rather novel.

Asked pointblank whether the tire company stock was a speculation, they were prepared with a maze of statistics about the tire business aimed to show that, as a whole, it was outside the speculative field. When investment features of the stock were asked for, they immediately waxed enthusiastic over prospective (not actual) earnings and pending (not current) dividends, and insisted that the listener judge for himself whether he dared shrink from an obvious duty to his family by passing up such an opportunity.

Good psychology lay behind this method of selling. Without committing themselves one way or the other, the salesmen often persuaded the prospect that he, or she, possessed real acumen in selecting securities. The subtle element of flattery, supported by a confusing mass of figures, was very successful for a time. When the tactics of this promoter are reviewed by the courts, under actions begun several months ago, it may be difficult to prove that any misrepresentations had a place in the campaign. Yet no true investment quality was inherent in any of the stocks offered for sale.

This illustration is used to emphasize the chief point of this discussion. *Neither investment nor speculation can be closely defined to fit all cases.* The buyer of securities needs to fix certain limitations for the use of his surplus funds—limitations governed by his income, plans for the future and knowledge of genuine security values. The person with a definite schedule of purchases, provided it is on a sound basis, need never be confused by the wily salesman nor led to buy speculative stocks and bonds when he thinks he is investing. The process of being sure, patient and conservative may not often produce a fortune, but it can bring really large accumulations of invested money over a period of years.

The slow but certain way of building

(Continued on page 494)



# 7 PER CENT Is Safer In the South

**N**ORMALLY strong demand for money to finance steady growth of prosperous Southern Cities, and distance from centers of concentrated financial wealth combine in the South to maintain liberal interest rates on the soundest investments.

Caldwell & Company, for many years recognized in financial circles as a leading authority on Southern investments, offers you a carefully selected choice of 7% first mortgage bonds whose superior safety will be apparent when you analyze the facts and figures which show the property values and earning power behind each loan.



Every investor who is building for comfort and security in the future, should read "Enduring Investments," and the definite facts and figures which prove the greater safety of Caldwell & First Mortgage Bonds. Send your name and address for free copy.

## Caldwell & Co.

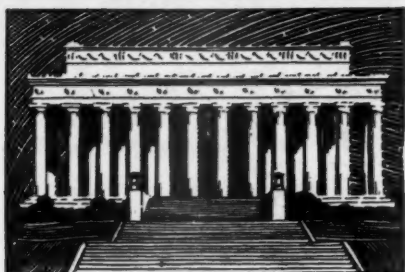
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On all partial payments you will receive  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$  or  $7\%$ , depending upon the particular investment you select from among our current offerings. Our **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** of principal and savings bank interest protects you in case you are unable to complete your purchase.

For half a century we have been selling First Mortgage Investments, secured by improved, income-producing property in Washington, where the steadily growing business of Government gives stability to real estate values and to business in general. We have established a record of *no loss to any investor in 50 years*.

You can depend upon the solidity of these First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital, but you cannot depend upon long continuance of the opportunity to invest your money at the highly profitable interest rates of today. Whether you are a large or a small investor, therefore, it will pay you to investigate a simple plan that assures  $6\frac{1}{2}\%$  or  $7\%$  over a period when interest rates are likely to be considerably lower than they are now.

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\$100, \$500 and \$1,000

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FIRST MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

SMITH BUILDING - - WASHINGTON, D. C.

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 50 YEARS

(Continued from page 492)

an investment reserve sometimes brings temporary pangs over what appears to be opportunities let go by. Two years ago General Electric Company shares declined to about 112, while American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock dipped under 100 and United States Steel common was for a time under 80. At the highest point of this year General Electric was above 190; American Telephone & Telegraph above 125 and U. S. Steel close to 110. These stocks have had excellent dividend records over a long period of years. All were far lower in the decline of 1921 than they had been for a long time. Great earning power lay back of them.

The stocks could be considered excellent investments two years ago for a certain class of buyers. For other classes they were, however, rather speculative. The investment appeal was for persons with ample surplus resources and steady nerves, who would not be moved to sell at a sacrifice if prices went lower. The speculative repulsion was

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exercised against buyers inclined to worry or equipped with moderate means which must be kept safe.

Those who bought realized an excellent profit and substantial income in a few months. But—the stocks might have gone down further and been much slower in recovering. The advance, occurring when it did, made purchases look like investments from to-day's point of view. Yet the man who holds to a fixed schedule, buying income and safety, would have been speculating if he had bought the stocks.

The union of a real knack for successful speculation with true ability in investing money permanently is decidedly rare. This is not only the writer's opinion after considerable study of events and personalities in the security market, but the result of observations made by bankers and brokers. Still, there are occasional striking exceptions. The market has one famous case of actual record of a salaried man who accumulated much money by investment through speculation of the plunging sort, if this paradox will be permitted.

This man, a bachelor, of frugal habits, worked upward through various stages in a large banking firm. Even when he became chief clerk, it is doubtful if his salary ever exceeded \$6,000 a year. It is doubtful, too, whether his employers and other associates ever knew that he bought stocks, for dealing in the market for one's own account is frowned upon by the heads of conservative investment and banking houses. When he died a few years ago this man left an estate in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

During his working lifetime there occurred the panic of 1893, the so-called "Northern Pacific panic" of 1901, when stocks were driven down to low levels while financial giants battled for control of a great railway system, the "rich man's panic" of 1903 and the tremendous depression of 1907. On each occasion, it was learned after his death, he bought for cash and on margin all the seasoned stocks he could carry, selling out in the subsequent recoveries. If his commitments—and they must have been large at times—ever worried him, they never interfered with this man's



## The Magic of 7% that Turns \$1000 into \$2050

**H**ERE'S a startling way of looking at an old fact. Do you realize that 1,000 dollars invested in a bond paying 7% interest will earn in one year \$70, or in fifteen years \$1,050 in interest? You will then receive back your original \$1,000, plus the \$1,050 in interest, making a total of \$2,050, or over two dollars for every one invested! Isn't it amazing how your money grows—if properly invested!

Without speculation, without risk of any sort, money properly invested in legitimate securities will earn a substantial, very profitable return. But how, you ask, can I make sure that my money is properly invested? How can I judge the merits of any investment offered me so that I will be positive not only of a good interest yield, but also of the absolute safety of my principal?

From our intensive financial experience covering 38 years we have devised eight tests which, when properly applied, furnish a complete and accurate index to the safety of any investment. These eight tests will absolutely safeguard your funds. They are the most simple, most important tests ever prepared for the use of investors.

For your information we have carefully compiled these tests in a simple, practical form, which will give you the benefit of our years of financial experience. These tests will show you how properly to invest your funds so that you can get two dollars for one—how to make your money grow rapidly. These tests will be sent you absolutely free, without any obligation. They have shown thousands of investors the safe way to increase their income.

### "HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS" FREE

We will also send you an important investment book—"How to Select Safe Bonds." This book gives the basic principles which influence all investments. It classifies all types of investments, showing you how to select the one best suited to your needs.

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regular duties, for he was considered a model, steady-going, hard-working citizen. He made full use of recurrent cycles of business boom and reaction, and saw to it that he had free assets when they could be used to the best advantage. At his death, his estate consisted chiefly of well-selected bonds.

Doubtless, similar cases of extraordinary ability in handling money, on a cold, thoroughly reasoned basis, exist in the market's history, but few have come sufficiently far into the limelight of publicity to permit analysis. James R. Keene, a wonderfully successful speculator of the last generation, once said that if four out of seven of his deals showed a final profit, he considered that he was doing as well as one could expect. If this is a fair average for men with a genuine *flaire* for speculation, what is the best that the ungifted speculator can look for?

If the banking clerk had been told that he was speculating he probably would have denied it indignantly. For

## WHAT'S AHEAD THIS FALL?

Last Spring (in March) when discussing the stock market outlook for the summer months, we advised the liquidation of all stocks and the short sale of a selected list of industrial issues.

Following that, the market lost nearly 50% of its total advance and recovered somewhat. The situation has changed radically.

We have recently prepared for clients an analysis of the Fall outlook, both from the standpoint of fundamental business conditions and the technical position of the stock market. It should prove as valuable as our March analysis of Summer conditions. A few copies are available for FREE distribution.

To obtain it simply return the blank below.

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him, blessed with foresight and a vast patience, heavy purchases represented an interest in a sure thing. But his experience was so exceptional that it supplied food for Wall Street wonderment for many months.

No, there are not many persons equipped to buy and sell securities with certainty that profits will be made and retained. The writer knows a dozen men who saw a few thousands devoted to stocks in 1915 expand into many thousands by the end of 1916, and today they do not have all of their original capital. He knows others who were buying good bonds and investment stocks before the war boom set in, and continued buying them gradually, and sometimes painfully, during the period of stock market fervor, without being swept off balance by the urge for quick profits. To-day, they are solid citizens, owning their own homes, living comfortably and educating their children well. Their resources are in securities which produce no worry, while con-

(Concluded on following page)

## What's Coming —this FALL?—

Will business boom—or slump?

How about bonds?

Stocks—up or down?

These vital questions are answered for you in the Babson Barometer Letter, just off the press. It gives you the plain facts on the present situation and forecasts developments this fall that you may see what's coming and govern yourself accordingly.

Extra copies of this letter are available for distribution to interested investors.

**Tear Out the MEMO—NOW!**

# Babson's REPORTS for investors

### MEMO for Your Secretary

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(Continued from page 444)

could find it before the snows began to fly—No! Let the dog go! Every hour must be given to the search for the big vein that lay waiting for him on the red slope of Firetop!

Yet on the trail that morning he turned not less than a dozen times, the very hairs of his head tingling with the feeling that the dog was behind him and very near. But he could actually see nothing of it, and once, a little after noon, he again heard the distant baying in the south that told him Shep was hunting. Yet again, as he took the trail down to his cabin, he found his hand ready at his holster, his eyes alert ahead, and his body turning frequently so that he could look back. . . .

A DULL rage was burning in him that night as he went to bed, only to be awakened toward morning again by the threatening challenge of Shep near by. This morning, however, he did not get up, but lay there, awake and angry, catching, each time he drifted to the verge of sleep, the strident reiteration of the dog's bark. And again that day, another day of failure on the mountain, he had the same uneasy feeling that he was being constantly shadowed. . . . He remembered, with curses upon his monumental folly, that he had had an opportunity to slay the dog, that he might have beaten it to death when he had stunned it with the length of wood, and that he had, through some crazy compunction, hesitated.

And again the following morning, before the light came, the dog found and haunted the vicinity of the cabin, growing bolder, coming closer, until Lin Taylor at one time could have sworn he heard its breath puffing at the threshold, the sniff of its hot nostrils! He fired a shot through the door then and sprang up quickly and threw it wide open. Nothing!

The dog was not at the door, had not even been at the door. There was not a single trace of his pads in the clean-swept, fine, damp dust before the cabin.

So it went through another week, and became increasingly difficult, and at last intolerable. Only once had he got a fair shot at the dog, having surprised it at the rock cairn, and then he had not scored a hit. The dog had leaped as he fired, and had been lost almost instantly among the boulders of the canyon.

HE knew now that the dog was shadowing him, for he saw it often, just out of range. He realized, too, that his

(Continued on page 502)



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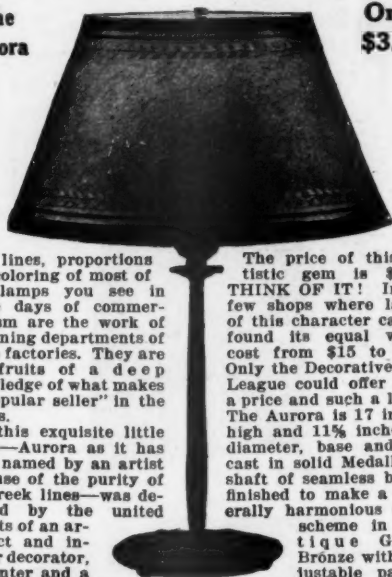
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(Continued from page 500)

prospecting was becoming less and less a search for the vein of gold, and more and more a tense watch for the dog. It could not go on so. He had a terrible feeling that if he failed to watch for the animal it would in some inexplicable way ambush him, and he could not keep his mind from that horrible contingency.

There was only one thing to do, he decided finally, and that was to hunt down the dog and kill it. Until that was done he would never be safe, never be at ease. And until that was done—here a thread of superstition wove through his mental processes—until that was done, he would never find the vein of gold that was to make him rich and powerful. He knew it! John Harvey, he muttered to himself, Harvey first, then Harvey's dog, and then—and only then—peace! Peace and riches! But there would be neither as long as the dog was living. That was written. It was Fate!

He was waiting, the next dawn, fully clothed, his pistol in his hand, his belt filled with extra cartridges, for the sound of the avenger, and at the dog's first bark he stepped from the door and took up the challenge that God had flung him.

All through the morning he trailed the animal, glimpsing him now and then, firing often, though the range was so great as to be prohibitive of surety. He followed him up the first gentle slopes of Blue Peak, through the sparse forest cover, to the timber line, and beyond. He saw him far ahead on a snow field, his head hanging low, his pace slow and laborious. He kept up the chase across the high ridge that intervened between Blue Peak and Firetop Mountain, and he plodded wearily after in the waning of the afternoon light as the dog found again the trail that led down Firetop to the valley. And now he saw the animal was going faster and faster, that to hope to overtake it was madness, that he would never come within shooting range again that day.

To-morrow he would begin again. His mistake to-day had been that he was too impetuous, too determined to get the thing done. A stern chase was always a long chase. To-morrow he would hide somewhere in the valley and watch for the dog . . . which now had completely vanished among the crags of the lower spur.

HE was horribly tired. He had been on edge all day. He paused for a moment to rest before beginning a steep

(Concluded on page 504)





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(Continued from page 502)

descent along the edge of the deep canyon where all week he had been looking for the baffling vein of gold. And as he paused, reflecting how tired he was, he noticed his revolver was still in his hand, clutched tightly, almost painfully, and he realized that he had been holding it so, almost continuously ready, since early dawn. What a fool he had been! To let his nerves play fast and loose with him—over a dog! Just a dog! And when he tried to let go of the revolver he could only do so with an effort, for his fingers seemed paralyzed, frozen to the grip. He stuck the automatic in his holster and began, a moment later, to descend the trail. Tomorrow, after a night's sleep . . . tomorrow—

He rounded a sharp turn of the trail and suddenly faced Shep, his enemy, whom he had given up for that day!

The dog stood rigid and menacing, athwart his way. In a terrified flash Lin Taylor saw that the dog would be upon him before he could draw his revolver from its holster with his clumsy, stiffened fingers. He uttered a sharp cry, wheeled about, and fled back up the trail. His foot turned on a loose bit of rock. He spun around, swayed for an instant on the edge of the cliff, and then, as John Harvey had done before him, he pitched over, his body hurtling through space, to land far below upon the deadly, jagged rocks of the canyon, broken, bloody, and lifeless.

AND it was here that the searchers in the spring found his rotted remains, here, with the broken bones of his hands actually clutching the crumbled outcropping of the richest vein of gold that the Painted Hills had ever offered, or perhaps ever would offer, to men.

[END]

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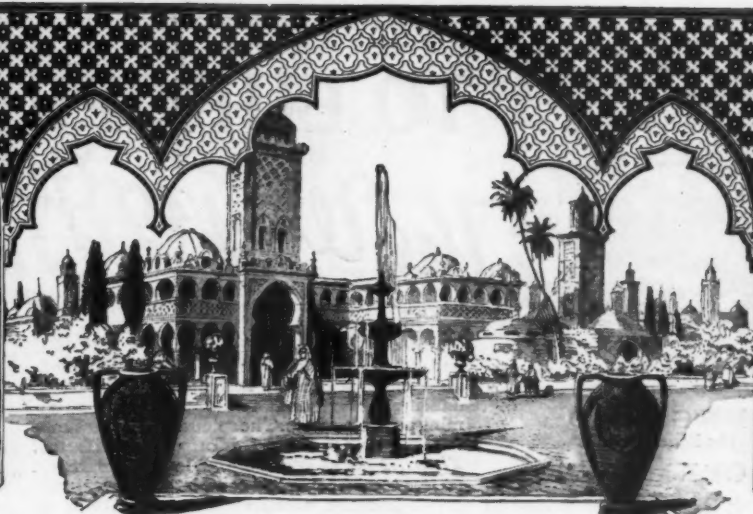
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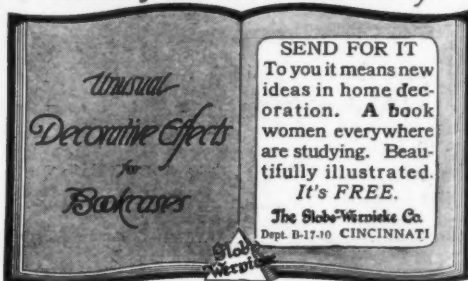
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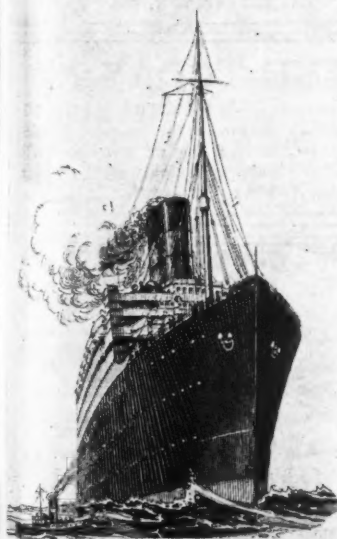
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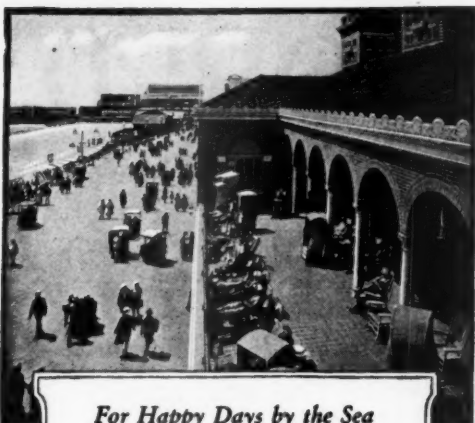
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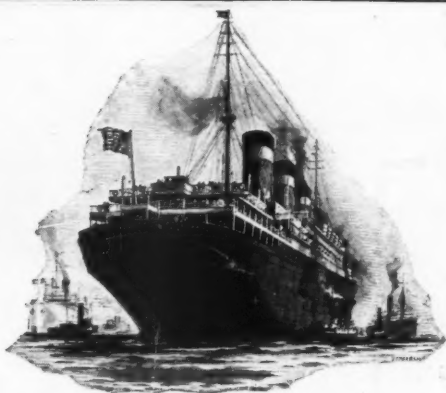
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